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Examples to convert, or at leaſt amend in every Family, either the Father, the Mother, the Son, or the Daughter.

The Company and Converſe the Pilgrims met with at Abraham's *Houſe, are Emblems of what Angels enjoy in the Regions beyond the Grave.*

THE

VIRGIN in *EDEN*:

OR, THE

State of INNOCENCY.

Deliver'd by way of Image and Deſcription.

PRESENTING

A *Nobleman*, a *Student*, and *Heireſs*, on their Progreſs from *Sodom* to *Canaan*.

With the PARABLE of the *Shepherd*, *Zachariah*, and *Mary*, who dwelt in thatched Tenements, ſecluded from Noiſe and Snares. Their holy Living and Dying.

To which are added,

PAMELA's Letters proved to be immodeſt Romances painted in Images of Virtue: Maſqueradês in Diſguiſe, that receiv'd Birth now Vice reigns in Triumph, and ſwells in Streams even to a Deluge.

In this Treatiſe are the Divine Sayings of Queen *Mary* and *Carolina* in publick Aſſemblies and ſelect Companies. Taken from their own Manuſcripts.

The Decree of GOD appoints theſe RECORDS to be kept in every Houſe, in every Kingdom and State, from one Generation to another, till the great Fall of Nature.

Wrote by the Author of the Sheets entitled, *Torments after Death*. That Copy, of which ſuch vaſt Numbers were printed and ſold, Four, Seven, and in ſome Houſes Twenty, to ſend into the Country and beyond the Seas.

The SECOND EDITION.

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THE PREFACE.

MY Thoughts on Solitude and Silence, that ſhould at this Time receive their Birth, muſt remain in Manuſcript uncorrected: There now lies before me two Volumes, under the Title of Virtue Rewarded, that I cannot omit taking Notice of: The Work hath obtained a glorious Character in the Eye of ſome; they recommend it to Families equal to The whole Duty of Man, to inſtill Religion into the Minds of both Sexes.

Good God! what can Youths and Virgins learn from Pamela's *Letters*, more than Leſſons to tempt their Chaſtity; thoſe Epiſtles are only Scenes of Immodeſty, painted in Images of Virtue; Diſguiſes in Maſquerade, as I ſhall prove, both from Truth and Reaſon, in the Concluſion of this my Work.

Now as the World hath ſeen and read with Attention thoſe Volumes, I have drawn a ſmall Piece, intitled, The Virgin in *Eden*, or the State of Innocency; by this every Speech and Language may vote, which of the two Eſſays they recommend to ſucceeding Ages, as moſt worthy and uſeful to cultivate Virtue in the Minds of Youth. Now as I behold Vice reigns in Triumph, and ſwells even to a Deluge; I cannot, tho' I am arrived at the Period of fourſcore, retire from my Study till I have delivered my Ideas of Holy Living and Dying, and preſented them to all Ranks and Degrees in this degenerate Age. Would my Reader inſure the Riches of the preſent World, and a happy Duration, paint after this Copy, indulge your Thoughts with future Grandeur, that gives ſecret Delight, exceeding all that we can embrace in Acts of Sin.

The Time allotted in theſe viſible Shades are momentary, Years flee away, Ages leave no other Trace behind them

but as it were Shadows or Stories tranſmitted to us in Hiſtory, which oftentimes adds Deformity, rather than Beauty to the Memory. Here we make our Court to Vanity, and Fancy what we ſee at a Diſtance to be amiable; but ſo ſoon as we embrace them, all is Emptineſs and of no worth, and yet this will not convince us of our Error; our Ambitions are big enough to graſp the World in our Thoughts; but what is the Reſult? many painful ſteps taken in vain; they that pry into unrevealed Points, never come to any Certainty more than imperfect Ideas.

He that inquires into the Knowledge of the regular Motions of the heavenly Bodies, how they move and operate, is only in Purſuit of Myſteries, that will never be perfectly revealed till we are ſtript of Mortality, and changed into Spiritual Bodies.

Man's principal End ſhould be to acquaint himſelf with ſacred Record, and not let his Mind wander beyond the Limits of Reaſon; Will not a Time come, when we ſhall know, what is Truth, and what is not?

Wiſe Men may be convinced of this, if they look back to that which is tranſmitted to us from paſt Centuries; what is there more in them than empty Amuſements, that leaves us as much in the dark as before we read their Eſſays? How frequent is it for Authors to value themſelves for their Parts and Learning? do they not often conclude they have amaſſed an inexhauſtible Stock of Wiſdom, that will immortalize their Names; and when their Works come forth, there is ſcarce any Thing to be found in them, but Sheets crowded with unknown Myſteries? Thus every Age confutes old Errors, and begets new ones, and ſo it will be ſo long as we run upon too nice Speculations. As for my Part, my Mind will receive more ſecret Delight, ſhould this, and my former Works, be read and practiſed, than if my Sovereign Prince ſhould encircle me with Riches, and his higheſt Favours; they die and periſh with me; but my Writings will do me Honour in the Sight of Men and Angels, when I am gone to Silence, and returned to my original Duſt.

THE INTRODUCTION.

I May truly ask the Queſtion, What have all the antient and modern learned Authors been amuſing themſelves about, ſo as never to write the Youths and Virgins Journey from this World, to that which is to come? What could have been more entertaining to the Publick than ſuch a Subject well compiled? Experience tells us this by the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, wrote by JOHN BUNYAN, a poor Mechanick, to his Honour be it ſpoke; had his Stile and Language anſwered the Thread of his Ideas, that Work might have been as much eſteemed and valued by the Ingenious, as it ever was by the Mean and Illiterate.

Here I preſent Emblems of both Sexes, and of different Ages, going from *Sodom* to the *New Jeruſalem*; to the utmoſt of my Genius I have preſcribed Rules to prevail with the moſt profane Part of Mankind to become Proſelytes; no weary Pilgrimages are here aſſigned, nor is it required to dreſs in the Habits of Hermits, Nuns, or begging Fryars; no Pennances are laid to abſtain from Meats, nor to ſcourge our Bodies with wire Whips. Man is not obliged to dwell in a Cell, or a Cave, or abſent himſelf from inoffenſive Converſation; the Load of Sin is here taken off at the very Inſtant the Chriſtian ſets out for the Kingdom of Glory.

Religion is a Pleaſure not Pain. A Chriſtian's Life, be he Rich or Poor, is all Joy and Peace.

The Scenes that I have drawn may prevail with *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Pagans*, to go with the Student and the Virgin into the Wilderneſs, where the Son of God faſted forty Days and forty Nights.

I am for writing Subjects to convey even the Thoughts of Atheiſts and Deiſts beyond ſenſual Pleaſures, and to confirm them in the Faith of the Church Militant.

Here are Repreſentations of flowery Gardens and Solitary Groves, as Places proper to converſe with humble Men, Divine Antiquaries; and even with Animals and Inſects, there is to be ſeen the Face of God; in thoſe Schools curious Leſſons are to be learnt; *Adam* and *Eve* are here decypher'd in their original Innocency before their Fall and naked State. I call Time back, and begin with the Days of *Moſes*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apoſtles and Evangeliſts. Theſe Diſcourſes are levell'd to carry the Reader's Mind to the very Borders of *Egypt*, where *Lot* pitch'd his Tents within Sight of *Sodom:* Here are Converts on their Way to *Abraham*'s Houſe in the Land of *Canaan*, to end their Days in Peace and Retirement; Here are introduced an induſtrious Farmer, a poor Shepherd, and the Governeſs of a School paſſing through theſe Earthly Vales to the deſired Harbour of Reſt.

In my two Volumes, publiſhed near forty Years ago, intitled, *The Viſions of Sir* Heiſter Reily, and *the Meditations of a Divine Soul*, I ſet forth the political Conduct of Animals and Inſects, with

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the Rich and Poor Man's Pleaſures in a Life ſecluded from Noiſe and Hurry; out of thoſe my Works I take ſome Ideas to entertain, not to dull the Fancy, even of wandring Minds.

I think I cannot wind up my Time, and bid the World farewel in a more Chriſtian Way, than by leaving this work as my laſt Legacy to ſucceeding Ages, the Ideas I have formed of Virtues and Examples. Cannot the great God, by ſuch a Piece, convert, or at leaſt amend in every Family, either the Father, the Mother, the Son, or the Daughter, even from the tender Age of Ten Years, to the Period of Ninety; a Race ſcarce one in a Thouſand ever runs beyond it, and of that Time great Part is generally attended either with Want, Pain, Sickneſs, peeviſh Paſſions, or wild and deſpairing Thoughts of Providence.

Had it not been to avoid vain Complements and down-right Flattery, which moſt Authors begin their Eſſays with, next to their Title Pages, I ſhould have dedicated theſe Sheets to the Duke and the young Princeſſes, the King's Iſſue, and to the Deſcendants of his Royal Highneſs the Prince and Princeſs of *Wales*.

But all I ſhall do is to pray, that each of thoſe Royal Branches would paint after the Student and the Virgin, thoſe young Converts in their Progreſs from Time to Eternity; ſo that at the Period of their ſeveral Days, their Brows may be then incircled with bright Diadems, and their Hands ſway Golden Scepters, more glorious than all their Predeceſſors, in Token that their Reigns on Earth exceeded them in Righteouſneſs, Juſtice and Equity.

I may ſay never any Subject in my Station ever did greater Service to the *Hanover* Succeſſion, nor encreaſed the Revenues of their Crown more than I have done, and at the Expence, not only of my Thoughts

Thoughts and Writings, but my Fortune, and even the Hazard of my Life. I am ſorry to ſay all Promiſes and Gratuity expired as ſoon as I had performed their Work. Read my Sheets, intitled, *The* Engliſh *Memorial*, that I preſented to the King and Parliament in the Year one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty ſeven; there you will find and ſee my Wrongs and Sufferings: It is there proved beyond Denial, that the Government have received from my Undertakings only, above one Million of Money Sterling, and alſo encreaſed the Income of the General Poſt-Office, near thirty thouſand Pound every Year: this their Gain laid me in Ruins, till Divine Providence ſent me, from an unforeſeen Quarter, a plentiful Fortune, to enable me to lend to the Poor, and bear the Charges to my Sepulchre, the Habitation of the Dead.

THE

THE
VIRGIN in *ED'EN*;
OR, THE
STATE of INNOCENCY.
DELIVERED
By way of IMAGE and DESCRIPTION.

AS I was upon my Travels, through an Iſland of Plenty, I loſt myſelf in a Deſart, and wandering about in Diſtreſs, I ſaw at a diſtance two Men going before me; I called to them; they waited my coming up; I aſked them from whence they came, and which way going; they anſwered, from *Sodom* to *Abraham*'s Houſe, in the Land of *Canaan*, and that if I would go with them they ſhould be glad of my Company; I accepted the Offer, and joined in their Converſation.

Upon diſcourſing a little together, I found one to be a Student, the other his Guide; at the further End of the Deſart there was a Houſe for the Entertainment of Strangers, we Inn'd there that Night, and in the Morning early went to a Town, where there was an Abby, an Ancient Pile of Building; our Curioſity led us to ſee the Antiquities of that venerable Place.

As we walked amidſt the Monuments of the Dead, there came up to us a young Man, who ſeemed to have

have ſomething extravagant in his Countenance; he aſked the Guide whether he could tell him which was the Sepulchre of a certain Monarch, (naming him) the Guide pointed to the Tomb; he went up to it, and after he read the Inſcription, we ſaw his Countenance change with a kind of Concern, and he ſuddenly broke out into theſe pathetical Expreſſions, which we wondered at, conſidering what we took the Man to be.

Is this, ſaid he, become the Habitation of a King, whom I once ſaw ſitting upon an Imperial Throne? Are theſe the Boundaries of his Dominions? Oh, aſtoniſhing Confinement! For a Prince of his vaſt Genius to lie hid in this dark Cavern, the Habitation of Worms and Corruption.

Upon this he ſat down, and for a while remained ſilent; at laſt he ſaid, notwithſtanding my gay Humour, I am, when I look into theſe narrow Priſons ſo full of Thoughts, that they flow like a rapid Stream, and run even beyond Time into Eternity; which, methinks, gives me an Opportunity to converſe, for a Seaſon, with unbodied Spirits, and take a Proſpect of the hidden Things of another State: But when theſe ſudden Flaſhes of Contemplation ceaſe, and I return from wandering amidſt theſe unknown Regions of Light (where refined Beings dwell) and re-enter my dreſſed-up Sepulchre (I mean this my Body) I am ſunk low, and behold with Shame the Depravity of my vain Nature, which diſcovers itſelf in every Scene of Life.

Now, continues he, I apprehend what the original of groſs Matter is, and what my ſeparated Particles muſt be when they come to lie level with the Duſt of this great Monarch: I conſider the Bones, that are concealed in this dark Cell, as the Relicks of a fine Building, mingled together with a Multitude of Aſhes of a courſer Soil; neither can I tell how to ſeparate the one from the other: But ſure I am, that one Day the Rubbiſh will be parted, and the more noble Mould recover its original Form and Greatneſs.

The Gentleman would ſtill have continued his ſolemn Diſcourſe, had not the Student conducted him to a Grave in the Abby Yard, and confuted his Error, by telling him, that it was not the being a Prince that made the Aſhes ever the finer, but that it was the Perfection and Purity of the Mind that would beautify the Structure of Man at the Reſurrection: For, ſays the Student, here lies Interred a poor Peaſant, who daily

daily laboured in the Fields; and had that greatneſs of Soul in him, that ſhew'd the Capacity and Ability of a moſt elevated Mind: But wanting acquired Helps, the brightneſs of his Perfections could not dart forth with that Luſtre as otherwiſe it would have done; nevertheleſs his Aſhes lay as honourable Fragments, ready for a Call, to be raiſed a ſtately Pile, when Emperors and Kings will appear deſpicable. By this Time the Abby Bells chim'd in to Prayers, and Company interrupted our ſublime Conferences.

The Student aſk'd the Guide who this Perſon was; he ſaid a Nobleman, his Name is *Felix*; upon this the Student entered into Converſation with him, and told *Felix* what Country he was going to, and to what Houſe and Family. I am inform'd, that the Company and Converſation I ſhall meet with there, are Emblems of what immaterial Spirits enjoy in the Light Regions beyond the Grave.

This Speech put *Felix* into an Extaſy; ſays he, I am not almoſt, but now altogether a Convert; and if it be as you ſay, I will leave my Poſſeſſions and go along with you. Then the Student and *Felix* went on together, and had ſeveral Conferences by the Way, on Subjects Divine and Moral.

In their Progreſs they paſſed through a Grove, in the Center of which there was a Cell, and joining to it a Grotto, which the Guide ſaid, was frequented by Virgins on their Way to Mount *Sion*; where they Contemplate as they paſs along: And juſt as the Guide was ſpeaking, they obſerved at a diſtance a young beautiful Woman coming up; on which the Student and *Felix* concealed themſelves in the Cell, to obſerve how ſhe behaved. As ſoon as ſhe entred the Grotto ſhe ſhut the Door, and went to her Devotion. Now, ſays ſhe, I am in ſecret, where no Eye ſees but that of Heaven; here I can meditate alone, and Converſe with my Crucified Jeſus. I fancy that I now ſee him in the Wilderneſs, Faſting forty Days and forty Nights, to teach Man the Duty of Mortification, and Acts of Humility: Here, on this my Journey from *Sodom* to the *New Jeruſalem* I can quench my Thirſt at the Springs, which ariſe at the deſcent of every Hill, and be fed by the Ravens of the Air, that imitate my Thoughts in their ſoaring up to thoſe Regions which are beyond, and out of Sight of this inſignificant Globe of Earth.

Here I may ſew green Leaves together, and make me a Garment far more ornamental, to the Eye of a meek Chriſtian, than all the lively Colours of an *Indian* Robe: Here I can ſpend the delightful Spring of every Year in viewing the Works of my Creator, and beholding the tender Buds, as they ſhoot forth, with an imperceptible Motion, into ſpreading Leaves and blooming Bloſſoms: Here I can ſit under the Branches of ſhady Trees, and behold how artificially the Chirping Birds build their Neſts to the beſt Advantage, and obſerve with what Care and Tenderneſs they provide for their Offspring.

O, inchanting Solitude! I may, in this my Progreſs, lay myſelf down to Reſt at Night, and in the Dawn of the Morn walk forth and ſee how early the delicate Larks ariſe, refreſhing themſelves in the Morning Air, and chanting out their pretty Notes, before the glorious Rays of the Sun are diſplayed on the verdant Meadows: So that by that Time their melodious Matins are over, all the reſt of the winged Choir will have trim'd their Feathers with their pecking Bills, and join their united Voices in whiſtling ſuch various Hymns of Praiſe to their daily Benefactor, as may ſufficiently rouſe drowſy Man out of the dreadful Lethargy of Vice, and make him ſtand abaſh'd to ſee a flight of Animals, only guided by inſtinct of Nature, warbling forth their Morning Songs to the Great *Jehovah*, before they, who bear the Image of the Deity, have made their Requeſt known to *Jeſus*, or bleſſed his Name for the Mercies of a paſt Night. O bleſſed Harmony! to hear the pretty Chirping Sounds of ſuch Multitudes of Airy Inhabitants, that meet in Aſſemblies on the Tops of the Trees, to pay their Daily Tribute, and ſhew vain Man his Duty.

As ſoon as ſhe had ended theſe her Divine Ejaculations, ſhe came out of the Grotto and walked into the Grove, lifting up her Eyes and Hands in Raptures of Joy. The Guide informed us, that this was an Heireſs, a Virgin who had made her Retreat from *Sodom* to live in *Canaan*.

Then the Student and *Felix* came out of the Cell, and went up to her, and told her who they were, and the Place they was going to; what, ſays ſhe, to *Abraham*'s Houſe? Thither I am Travelling: It is the way to *Sion*, let us keep together, and never part, 'till Death. We'll diſcourſe on the Records of ſacred Writ, and talk of the firſt Ages of the World: how Men lived and acted in

thoſe

thoſe ancient Times: Such Conferences as theſe will make our Hearts glow within us, and raiſe our Spirits above the Sphere of wandering Vanities.

Then the Student, *Felix*, and the Virgin, went on 'till they came to a Wilderneſs, a Place that appeared at a diſtance green and ſhady, but when they entered, it reſembled the Habitation of wild Animals, or an obſcure ſolitary Grove, ſuch as Poets reſort to, and where Spirits meet and Converſe with thoſe they were acquainted with when dreſſed in the Body of Corruption.

On the Skirts of this Wilderneſs, upon an Eminence that overlooked the adjacent Country, we ſaw a Man of a venerable Aſpect, ſitting at the Door of a Cave, with a Book and Pencil in his Hand. We went up to him, and obſerved him to take Notice of the Movements of every little Inſect that paſſed by, and often viewed one of them upon his Table, thro' a Microſcope; then he would minute down the Remarks he made upon their Shapes and Proportions.

Our Converts were mightily taken with the Penſiveneſs they ſaw in his Countenance, as well as with his many curious Fancies; but, to colour their Deſigns, they feigned to him, as tho' they thought his Employment altogether diſagreeable to his Age, on purpoſe to hear what Anſwer he would make.

The Student aſked him why he ſpent his Time after ſuch a careleſs Manner, out of the way of all Converſation, and remote from the Schools of Inſtruction? He anſwered, he choſe this Retirement to avoid thoſe Particulars he recommended; for that thoſe Places of Education are often perverted to bad Purpoſes, and Human Societies are generally ſo ill regulated, that I ſhall learn to ſubmit Right to Force; the Strong does not ſcruple to take the Weak Perſon's Portion from him: That there is nothing more common than to ſee Men, in the Face of Juſtice, contend for that which is not properly their own; and many times the Strife ends not before the utter Ruin of the Injur'd.

Do not they, ſays he, who teach the Symbols of Mercy very often put off all Bowels of Tenderneſs? What can be more furious than the Malice of Religious Conteſts? Their Heat is generally lengthened out into perpetual Enmity! Shall I not learn the moſt unnatural Barbarity in the Schools where you'd ſend me? If I go Abroad, into the World, ſhall I not ſee all ſorts of Wickedneſs practiſed there? In all probability I might there learn how to ſeize on every Thing that lay within my reach, in order to

ſtore up Treaſures like the Miſer. Thus he entertained the Converts with variety of theſe odd Hints, which were altogether inſtructive to them; whether it was in Complaiſance that he thought they were of his Opinion, and look'd upon thoſe Men to be unfortunate who had their Reſidence in the Circles of Vanity, for which there can be no Word that ſignifies a verier Nothing. The old Gentleman advanced ſeveral Paradoxes that required a vaſt Capacity to reach; there ſeemed to be in him ſomething above common Art in his Arguments.

I defie, ſays he, any Man to have ſo many Opportunities of improving his Genius, as I have in this ſtill Retirement; for my Buſineſs is to Converſe daily, at the Door of my Cave, or within a few Rods of it, with the greateſt Artiſts and Wits of the Age, who have a Nobleneſs in them, that in many Reſpects, out ſhines-Man, and makes him look like a fallen Star clouded with Smoke.

He ſaid, if Innocency, Induſtry, and a competent Stock of Knowledge ought to be accounted Virtues, none had a juſter Claim to them than the Company he kept; for that tho' many of them do but appear as the moſt inconſiderable of all Beings; ſuch as are often ſheltered in the Miſts of the Air, hid in Sheets of Water, or buried under Clods of Earth, yet their different Actions and ſurprizing Inſtincts, are, perhaps, one of the profoundeſt Subjects on which our Reaſon can be exerciſed; and, ſays he, I am ſurprized that ſo few People perceive it.

For, continues he, the ſeveral beautiful Perfections, I behold in them, lead me into a Thouſand fine and uncommon Notions; they give me an Idea of the very niceneſs of the Inſtrument that worked every particular Part of their Veins and Arteries, which are ſo curiouſly joined and put together.

Then he ſtopt, and with a ſort of unuſual Haſte fetch'd out of his Cave a large Fly; this Inſect, ſays he, has ſeveral Miracles to be ſeen in it, if all its juſt Meaſures were narrowly inquired into; beſides the Senſe that I find to be infuſed into it; for the Creature lives and guides itſelf in a regular and ſteady Courſe, and knows when he riſes in a fair or an intollerable Morning, and how to go to the Portion provided for its Nouriſhment.

The Converts thought he would now have ended ſpeaking about theſe minute Creatures, but he went on, and carried the Point ſtill further, upon the Policy and Cunning of a much leſſer Being than that Inſect which he had in his Hand,

For seeing an Ant creep along, he took it up; I challenge, says he, any of those Persons, who value themselves upon their Activity, to go through near so much Business, or produce half the Adventures, with less Mistake, than this Insect has been engaged in, and will pass through before *Michaelmas*, the time of her marching into Winter Quarters. By the Notice I have taken, continued he, of these Creatures, I am convinced that they are a subtle Generation; they seem to have a kind of Government among them; and, I do assure you, their Observation of Justice and Charity is so strict, that it far exceeds the Management and Honesty of most Men.

I have frequently, added he, sat down by their Hills, when they were crowding Home in an Evening, and seen, that when an aged Ant has deprived a young one of what she had been labouring for with much Industry, others have come in and restored all that was taken from her, and inflicted a deserved Punishment upon the Offender.

Before he passed off from this History, he gave the Converts a Relation of the many Fatigues and Labours, he had observed, they went thro' to maintain themselves, with the manner of their getting, and hoarding up their Stores: he told them, they were so knowing, that they seemed to Converse together at their publick Meetings, and understood accidental Things concerning themselves; for tho' their Language be somewhat broken and unintelligible, yet they apprehend one another by particular Signs.

Then he brought an Example, that they never loose their Way when they are out upon their Progress. I have, says he, often made it my Business to watch one of those Creatures out of her Cell in the Morning, and follow her all Day thro' many intricate Mazes, and seen her run up and down several Trees; yet, a little before Night, she has gone directly to her own Apartment, stooping under a heavy Burden, without ever missing her Path, or turning aside.

The Converts seemed extreamly delighted with his quick Turns of Humour, for he continued to go on at this agreeable Rate, very naturally, upon the Ants. Then he turned his Discourse, and spoke of other Species, which, he said, had likewise very fine Notions and some excellent Laws practised amongst them. Thus he diverted us upon these nice Heads, and brought in many Instances of the changeable Turns those Beings frequently meet with, very much resembling the cross Accidents of Men.

For, says he, after they have sailed through many violent Storms, and formed their Notes from the least Breath

of

of Wind, juſt as they find themſelves decked with beautiful Ornaments, fit for the entertainment of a few impertinent Joys, it is common for them, in the midſt of their Jollity and wilder Feaſts, to be taken Captive, and thrown into ſuch a ſtrait Confinement as not to know whether their Impriſonment will end in Death, or a triumphant Eſcape. Others, as they were making glad, and the Sun ſhining hot upon them, under the Image of a Rainbow, diverſifyed with Colours, have immediately ſunk down by the Weight of a Cloud, or have been caſt into Darkneſs. He had many of thoſe Copies by him of the good and bad Chances that often happen to irrational Beings, and he carried the Subject ſo far, as if he was capable of ſpanning all the caſual Events that ever befel any of them.

Upon his readily being ſupplied with new Matter, as he always was, he returned, in the heat of his Diſcourſe, to his former Reflections upon human Society, and the many Improvements there may be made in examining the exact Oeconomy obſervable in Animals and Inſects.

If a Man, ſays he, is proud of his Knowledge, of his Skill in curious Speculations; Serpents and Eagles, who are but the Dream of a Shadow, and when they die are ſoon annihilated, know more of it than he; for they have many Antidotes againſt Poiſon and Diſeaſes, and are acquainted with the Virtue of ſome Stones for the Cure of their little Ones, which Phyſicians value ſo much, that when they find ſome of them, they think themſelves poſſeſſed of a Maſs of Treaſure.

Here he made a Stand, and argued very naturally upon the ill-placed Humours of Men, repreſenting a formal Prologue to their Vanity; he ſaid, if any one pretended that Man was the only Being capable of receiving Reaſon, there was ſome other Creatures, who had glorious Ideas of Sorrow, Joy, and accidental Paſſions, and who where immediately, upon any ſudden Surprize, tranſported from Pleaſure to Pain; for ſome of them are mightily concerned at the Loſs of any Creature, which they have been long acquainted with; or when they ſee their Offspring taken away. At ſuch Times, ſaid he, I have obſerved them look wiſhfully into the Places where their beloved had lain, and either lie down there, or fetch about it many Windings backwards and forwards, with ſuch an Appearance of Concern, as if they would (where it poſſible) have fainted, or ſhed Tears at the ſad Miſchance.

As the Converts thought the old Gentleman was finiſhing the laſt Scene, he drew another, and ſaid, there are

ſome

ſome irrational Animals, who very well underſtand Languages; for I have obſerved, that after they have told their Buſineſs to each other, they have gone to ſuch a Place, and done there ſuch a Thing, and what Work they had begun they actually performed.

He was going on to ſhew us, how artificially ſome of them built their Houſes, and thatch'd them over Head to keep off the Violence of the Weather, when a Flight of Birds flew juſt by him: I deny, ſays he, that any Aſtrologer knows ſo much of Divination as theſe Animals: He is a Fool to them in many Reſpects: They are his Maſters, and teach him ſome of their Arts by particular Signs.

He then ſhewed us a tame Bird he kept by him, which had ſo much Knowledge as to kill Serpents and other Vermine which attempted to enter his Cave; and afterwards brought them to the Sight of ſeveral other Creatures, that he always kept by him, which, he ſaid, told him, by their Natural Voices, as he lay in his Cave, the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth Watch of the Night.

From thence he led the Converts to a River, where they ſaw ſeveral young Swans ſuning themſelves upon the Shore. About an Hour ago, ſays he, theſe Creatures were roling upon the Water, ballaſted with Sand in the folds of their Wings, and landed by the help of their common Mother, where they now wait for her return, and though they are but a few Weeks old, have ſo much Senſe as not to go with any other of the Kind.

Afterwards ſtooping down by the Bank of the River, he took up a large Minnow, that he ſaw ſwimming amidſt the Weeds, and perceiving it to be very old, made a long Deſcant on the ſucceſsful Voyages, which that ſmall Fiſh had undertaken in its time, while many blooming Fortunes had whithered by Wrecks or Deluges. He ſpoke much of its Travels and Adventures. This Creature, ſays he, has ſo much Subtlety, as to know how to make its eſcape and hide itſelf out of danger, if it ſees too powerful an Enemy coming againſt it: And then he flung the Fiſh again into its natural Element.

Having ended theſe changeable Diſcourſes, he led us back to his Cave, where he took up a Covering of Clay, and ſhewed us engraven on Leaves of Braſs, the ſeveral Arts and Sciences that the irrational Beings teach. The Student, for his Information, peruſed ſome Part of thoſe ſhort Leſſons, and ſaw that the Dove laid down the excellent Rules of Innocency; The Bees Induſtry; The

Spiders

Spiders, the Art of ſpinning fine Threads; and the Lions, Nobleneſs of Spirit.

After reading over theſe and ſeveral other Laws that the different Species of Animals obſerved, and which might very well ſerve for the Inſtruction of the politeſt Nations; The venerable Gentleman ſaid, he had ſtill remaining to tell them a far more curious Relation than any he had hitherto produced, touching the Knowledge and Chaſtity of the Beings he had been diſcourſing about.

The Elephant, ſays he, is the worthieſt and moſt ſenſible Creature of them all: He never changes his Female; he loves her tenderly, whom he has choſen; with whom nevertheleſs he does not cohabit but every third Year, and that only five Days, and ſo privately, that he is never ſeen in that Act: But on the ſixth Day he appears; when before all Things he goes directly to ſome River, wherein he waſhes his whole Body, without returning any more to the Herd before he is purified.

Upon hearing all theſe Inſtances, the Student told him, at their parting, that at this Rate there were Philoſophers and Virtuoſos, even among the Animals he had mentioned; who ſearched into many Curioſities, and made nice Obſervations of Things, inſomuch that he thought their Schools of Morality were the only Places to make Men ſee their Diſorders, by comparing their own irregular Conduct with the Decency and Order obſerved by thoſe Animals.

At the End of theſe Speculations, *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin, told the Hermit, that his curious Obſervations would dwell upon their Minds to the laſt Period of Life; for that he had inſtructed them in the Laws and Precepts of Animals and Inſects; Examples worthy the Notice of the moſt learned and fineſt Genius of all human and rational Beings.

Here they parted, in full Confidence that a Time would come, when they ſhould meet again in a more refined Region, to rectify all Error and Miſtake that they here have fallen into in their Enquiries relating either to rational or irrational Beings.

From hence *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin, went on their Journey, and in the Road ſtopt at a Houſe, where they were asked, as being Strangers, to come in and reſt themſelves in the Heat of the Day: As they ſat looking out of the Window they obſerved coming up a Perſon of a grave Aſpect, but withal he had ſomething ſo ſublime and elevated in his Countenance, as plainly beſpoke him a Perſon of a more than ordinary Genius. His Eye was quick

quick and piercing, which denoted a lively and brisk Imagination; when at the same time his Aspect was so sedate, and his Deportment so majestick, as plainly denoted him a Man of a strong and solid Judgment.

Upon the Appearance of so extraordinary a Personage, the Student seemed transported, and immediately rising up ran out to meet him; and after the ordinary Salutation, desired him to walk in and refresh himself, which the other readily accepted of, as the Day began to grow extremely hot. As soon as he had seated himself, he began to enquire who we were, how such a mixt Company came together, and where we were going? We answered his Queries, and desired his Directions. He seemed mightily pleased with our Journey, and assured us we had made the only Choice in this World that could be of any Service to us hereafter: For that the Plains of *Sodom*, where all worldly-minded Men take their Abode, are so full of Snares and Vexation, that no one can find any solid Satisfaction there; whereas the Place you are going to, says he, is always quiet and secure. The Country may not appear perhaps at first Sight so fair and pleasant, and inviting; but then you will find this more than sufficiently supplied by the Ease, Comfort, and Satisfaction, you will perpetually enjoy. Indeed, continues he, the Country of *Sodom* is extremely fertile, and very full of rich Inhabitants; but then it is so subject to Storms and Earthquakes, and Eruptions of sulphureous Matter, that I am surprized any rational Creature should make his Abode there. On the contrary, in the Land of *Canaan* the Air is always calm and serene, and the Inhabitants are very seldom known to suffer any considerable Misfortunes. These are the Advantages you will there enjoy with Respect to this World only: But when I tell you, that the Gate of Paradise is in this Country, and that none but the Inhabitants of this Land of Promise can descend into the Regions of the Blessed Place, you must think this, beyond all Comparison, preferable to the other. He then proceeded, as the Subject naturally led him to discourse of a future State, and the Condition in which departed Souls are placed, till they come to Judgment at the great Day. I have made, says he, Observations on the Accounts given by Men of great Genius, who had only the Light of Nature, and the Helps of Human Learning to guide them; and they describe the Soul, as descending into the State of the Dead, with a Transcript of what they must do as soon as they come into those Regions,

where they muſt continue till the final Diſſolution of theſe viſible Beings.

He ſaid ſome were of Opinion, that upon the Confines of the Dead, and in View of the other World, they deſcribed ſeveral Inhabitants, whoſe Natures are wonderfully ſuited to the Situation of the Place; for Emblems of Death, ſay they, may be ſuppoſed to be of ſeveral Kinds and Diverſities.

The firſt Kind are the Shadows of old Age, Sickneſs, Fear, Famine, and Poverty: Apparitions terrible to behold to human Nature. They preſent Death alſo as the Reſemblance of Toil, War, Contention, and Diſcord: All of which contribute to People this common Receptacle of human Spirits.

The Student reply'd, theſe Notions and Deſcriptions of the Habitations of the Deceaſed are to be underſtood of their Abode, before the incorruptible Body be raiſed and re-united to the Soul.

After this the Moraliſt continued his Narration with great Exactneſs, according to the Religious Opinions of the Antient Heathens.

Felix told him, ſome were of Opinion, that the Souls of thoſe, who had liv'd inoffenſively in this Life, are permitted to go into their reſpective Regions of Reſt, till called forth at the Great Day to be made much more refined than they were before.

With Submiſſion ſays the Virgin, I think Innocency of Thought, and Divine Converſation, raiſes the Mind to high and glorious Ideas, tho' at the ſame time the Soul dwells in this Tabernacle of Earth. Virtue, ſays ſhe, conveys our Meditations beyond Trifles and Vanities; and inſenſibly draws us into the practice of our holy and pure Religion: It keeps the Soul alive, and carries it as it were upon its Wings into thoſe Habitations, where unbodied Spirits commune and converſe together.

The Moraliſt anſwered, that oftentimes Viſions and Dreams carry him even to the Throne of the Creator; where he fancies he ſees Angels attending their Maker, with Songs and Hallelujahs. Says the Virgin, I believe what you ſay to be true, for frequently before I cloſe my Eyes to Sleep at Night, I think myſelf going to the State of the Dead, the Place of Silence, a Retreat from Sorrow, Pain and Vexation.

Says the Student, my Thoughts join with yours: I am delighted with theſe ſort of Contemplations; they preſent to us the future State of Souls; whether they be gone to thoſe Regions

Regions of Light and Felicity, or to thoſe of Sorrow and Darkneſs. It is a Pleaſure to carry our Conceptions into the Dominions of the other World: It gives us ſome Foretaſte of the State of the Deceaſed. I have read, proceeds he, that there are three Kinds of Perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the Borders between Time and Eternity; and I can give no Reaſon for their being placed there in ſo particular a manner, becauſe they none of them ſeem to have a proper Right to a Habitation in thoſe Places, as not having ſpun out the whole Thread of their Lives, and finiſhed their Term of Days allotted them in this viſible World.

The firſt of theſe are the Souls of Infants, who are hurried from the Face of the Earth by untimely Ends.

The ſecond are of thoſe who die Martyrs, or ſuffer wrongfully, or by an unjuſt Sentence.

The third are of thoſe who grew weary of their Lives, and laid violent Hands upon themſelves.

As for the ſecond of theſe, the Ancients add, with great Beauty, that the Judge of the Dead gives them a re-hearing, and aſſigns them their Apartments, ſuitable to the Sentence paſſed upon them at their ſecond Trial. As for the Souls of thoſe unhappy Men who deſtroy themſelves, O how glad would they now endure Life with all its Miſery? But their Deſtiny forbids their return to Earth.

Felix made anſwer, my Belief, ſays he, is that Man is placed in his Station of Life, like a Poſt-Boy in his proper Inn, which he muſt not quit, whatever may happen, till he is called off to carry away his next Packet of Letters.

Thus the Conference went on in their ſeveral Diſcourſes, relating to the various Opinions of Philoſophers and Others, as to the State of the Dead and departed Souls.

At the End of this Interview the Converts left the Moraliſt, and proceeded on their Journey till they arrived in the Land of *Canaan*, in view of *Abraham*'s Houſe, drawing near that ancient and ſtately Pile, which had a Being even from the beginning of Time.

They took a Proſpect of the Situation, and viewed the Fabrick with a more than ordinary Attention: The Virgin's eager Deſires were ſo inflamed, that ſhe bid the Guide ſtay awhile, that ſhe might behold the Situation of the Place with greater Conveniency; they being now arrived on the Top of a Hill and the Houſe ſeated on a little Deſcent, ſurrounded with Gardens and delicate Vineyards, fenced with lofty Cedars and ſpreading Wallnut-trees. They eſpyed a ſpacious Mote, and a Bridge to let down in

the Day and draw up at Night. The next remarkable Scene was a mighty Wall raiſed up with rubb'd Bricks, and over-run with Laurel Branches and Ivy. The Houſe was built altogether of rich Marble, the Window Frames being made of Wallnut-tree Wood. Thus having ſatisfied their Curioſity, in beholding ſo lovely a Palace, they went down the Hill, where there was two Rows of tall Elms leading to the Manſion.

When they came to the Gate they read the Inſcription wrote over it in Letters of Gold: IN THIS ORIGINAL FABRICK HERE INHABITS THE DESCENDANTS OF MOSES, AARON, THE PROPHETS, APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS; THEY CONTINUE TO BEAR THEIR FORE-FATHERS NAMES, AND PRACTICE THEIR LAWS AND ORDINANCES. *Felix* bid the Guide knock at the Gate, and inform the Collegians that there were three Strangers, Converts, come from *Sodom*, and were going to Mount *Sion*, the *New Jeruſalem*.

As ſoon as the Guide had delivered his Meſſage the Bell in the Turret rung, which was, as ſuppoſed, to call a general Conſultation of the Society; ſo that by that time *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin had taken a few Turns in the ſhady Walks, the Gate was open'd for their admittance; where a Perſon of a venerable Aſpect, whoſe Name the Guide ſaid was *Moſes*, received them with all the Civility becoming his great Anceſtor. Then *Aaron* came up to them, and expreſſed, in the moſt pathetick Terms, the Satisfaction it was to him, and to all the Collegians, in ſeeing the arrival of three wealthy Proſelytes from the Tents of *Sodom* to *Abraham*'s Houſe in the Land of *Canaan*.

Then they were conducted into a ſpacious Hall, to refreſh themſelves after the Fatigue of a tedious Progreſs; at theſe Words the Virgin burſt forth into Tears of Joy, and addreſſed herſelf to this Effect: Moſt noble and worthy Patrons, it muſt needs be acknowledged that our Journey may well be ſaid to be wearyſome, ſince we have been travelling in a barren *Egypt*, and could never, as yet, find the way to Reſt, till lighting on this faithful Guide, our Guardian Angel, he conducted the Student, *Felix* and myſelf to your bliſsful Seat; otherwiſe we might have ſpent a whole Life in wandering up and down the dark Mountains of Folly, where our Deſires carried us, ever ſince the Years of Diſcretion, ſo as never to entertain ſo much as one ſerious Thought of Death and Judgment: The inchanting

Snares

Snares of *Sodom* extinguiſhed our Thirſts, after the refreſhing Streams that flow in this Land of *Canaan*. O that we had laid aſide our Prejudice to Virtue, and accuſtomed our ſelves to a holy Life! but why ſhould we repine at what cannot be recalled. Who knows but that our Sincerity, tho' late, may be accepted; and that we may now be faithful to Death, and receive the Crown of Life, the Diadem of Glory.

Then the Student addreſſed himſelf; ſays he, we can only return you the Tribute of our Thanks, for condeſcending ſo far as to admit us into your Society, and this delightful Habitation, which are far more agreeable than an Imperial Court crowded with Licencious Libertines.

Felix concluded, we hope our Addreſſes have not interrupted your Proceedings, or run counter to your eſtabliſhed Rules; therefore we intreat you to act with a free Temper, and make us acquainted with your Diſcipline, which we ſhall readily obſerve with the greateſt Complacency and Satisfaction of Mind.

They had no ſooner ended their Speeches to *Moſes*, *Aaron* and *Abraham*, but the Deſcendants of the Prophets, Apoſtles and the Evangeliſts came up in a Body, and made ſeveral Speeches to them, too numerous here to Record: Then conducted the Converts into a Room to read the Orders of the Houſe, which were hung up, and wrote in fair Characters. Here they were left alone to imprint every Article upon the Table of their Hearts, each Line being ſufficient to charm a Heathen into the Love of Virtue. The firſt Article was, that whenever any Inhabitant was admitted into the Family, frequent Prayers ſhould be made to the Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth, that he would vouchſafe to encreaſe the number of his Elect, and to haſten his Kingdom; then the Bells, being eight in number, rung their Chimes, and made ſo melodious a Sound that *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin ſhed Tears of Joy, and went up to the Chappel with the Collegians in greater Tranſport than they ever did to a Wedding, or a Coronation Day, in the Tents of *Sodom*.

As ſoon as the Student and the Virgin had entered the holy Place, they were ſeated under a ſumptuous Canopy, on the Top of which was the Figure of a Crown of curious Work; the Guide told them that was in Token of their Youth, and the Victory gained over the Vanities of Life, and their ſafe arrival at *Abraham*'s Houſe in the Land of *Canaan*.

On

On this extraordinary Occaſion the following Prayer was made by one of the Deſcendants of the Evangaliſts.

" O Father of Mercies, and God of all Comforts, we " are here met together to ſet forth thy Praiſe, and bleſs " thy holy Name for all thy Wonders of Grace ſo boun- " tifully ſhewn to us, and to all Mankind; but more eſpe- " cially for adding to this Family three more Souls that " ſhall be ſaved, Perſons that were implanted in vicious " Habits, of the continual Growth, in the rank Soil of Ini- " quity, and the Offspring of the moſt luxuriant Plants in " *Satan*'s Garden, and of thoſe, concerning whom our " dear Redeemer ſaid it was more poſſible for a Camel to " go through the Eye of a Needle than that they ſhould " enter into his Kingdom; Lord, here is a rich *Felix* " come to work in thy Vineyard, in the eleventh Hour " of Life; and two others in the ſixth Hour of Life; it " grieves them to the very Heart that they came no ſooner, " and we praiſe thee that they are come at laſt: Pour " down thy richeſt Bleſſings on them, thy humble Servants, " who are deſirous to change the Tents of *Sodom*, to live " in *Abraham*'s Houſe; they who have deſerted the " Prince of Darkneſs to adhere to the King of Glory; they " are retired from the Crowds of a debauched City to en- " joy the Comfort of a retired Solitude; they have for- " ſaken the Society of the Licentious to keep Company " with the righteous *Lots* in *Canaan:* May no Argument " of the Wicked prevail ſo far as ever to draw them back, " or cauſe their Souls to relapſe, but endue them with thy " Heavenly Aid, and give them ſufficient Strength to anſwer " the Atheiſt and Deiſt in their erroneous Notions: O " thou Father of Light illuminate their Minds by the " powerful Influence of thy divine Spirit, and make them " truly ſenſible that Holineſs brings Peace and Aſſurance " for ever. Theſe Prayers and Praiſes we moſt humbly in- " treat thee, O thou *Jehovah*, to accept, for the " Mercies of thy dear Son *Jeſus Chriſt*, our bleſſed " Lord and Saviour."

At the Concluſion of this Prayer there remained a profound Silence, the whole Audience kept on their Knees, ſolemnizing private Ejaculations to the high God that reigneth in Glory.

As ſoon as they aroſe, every one of the Collegians had delivered to them, by the Servants of the Chappel, either a Harp or ſome other muſical Inſtrument; then one of the Deſcendants of the Royal Prophet *David* be- gun an Anthem with his Voice and his Harp only, when

when immediately the whole Audience (except *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin) joined in Concert both with their Inſtruments and Voices; in the heighth of the Hallelujah every Eye was fixed upon the new Inhabitants, the Converts. I thought the Eccho ſounded ſo melodious as if all the Heavenly Hoſt had, for a Time, come down and aſſiſted in the Hallelujahs and Praiſes in *Abraham*'s Houſe in the Land of *Canaan*; the Converts even ſeemed tranſlated from Earth to the Regions of Light; they reſembled Saint *Paul*, as it were, when carried out of the Body.

The Anthem being ended, the Virgin roſe up; I am, ſaid ſhe, ſo far carried beyond the frivolous Vanities of this Vale of ſenſual Pleaſure, that I could willingly ſet me down in one of the loweſt Seats in this Chappel, and, if it were poſſible, ſpend the Remains of Life in adoring my Sovereign Creator, and ſetting forth his Praiſe in Pſalms and ſpiritual Songs: O ſweet Harmony! to hear every Morning, Noon and Night, theſe Angelical Voices, Emblems of the Church Triumphant, where Saints inhabit to endleſs Ages: This is to me a Foretaſte of thoſe inexpreſſible Delights, in the Enjoyment of which we are to ſpend our Days, when our Spirits are glorified and diveſted of a Body of Fleſh.

As the Virgin was coming from the Houſe of Prayer, *Sarah*, the Wife of *Abraham*, came up to her, and addreſſed her in theſe Words; may this Houſe for ever thus flouriſh, and be continually filled with ſuch Converts as you: O virtuous and chaſt Virgin! may every Kingdom and State imitate ſuch your glorious Example; may every Mannor and private Farm be bleſſed with ſuch ſpreading Branches, that ſhoot out of a noble Stock; may the aged as well as young, look and dreſs themſelves by this Virgin's and the Student's Glaſs.

Let the Hiſtory of theſe Penitents be tranſlated into all Languages, and preſerved in every Study and Library as Records to the End of Time.

For what can contribute more to the Glory and Safety of any Nation than the examplary Lives of young Students and Virgins. They will find that the Diſcipline of Religion is not ſo ſtrict and rigid, as repreſented by the Atheiſts and Deiſts; but on the contrary, its Burden is eaſy, and its Yoke is light: The Precepts of holy Writ allows all the innocent Pleaſures that reaſonable Creatures can deſire; and abridges its Votaries

Votaries of no Enjoyments but thoſe that are apparently prejudicial to their Welfare in both Worlds.

To this Addreſs of *Sarah* no Anſwer was returned; the Virgin ſeemed to be veiled with the Mantle of Humility, as not aſſuming any Merit at all in herſelf: this Act I thought added Beauty to all her other Virtues.

Then I ſaw that the Audience ſeparated, and left *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin to contemplate alone, by themſelves, in ſecret Prayer and private Conference.

Felix ſpoke firſt; ſays he, ſuppoſing there were no Rewards or Puniſhments, in the future State, nevertheleſs, it is evident that there is more real Satisfaction in one Day's Converſe in the Converſation of the Righteous, than in an Age within the Tents of *Sodom*, tho' ſet out in all its gaudy Luſtre and painted Vanity.

Says the Student, I never as yet found any Pleaſure in a vicious Habit, but what was varniſhed over with falſe Colours, the End Shame and Confuſion of Soul.

The Virgin reply'd, where is that particular Vice that can afford rational Beings any ſolid Comfort, or laſting Tranquility of Mind? After they had thus given in their particular Opinions, upon theſe Subjects, it was near the going down of the Sun, in the longeſt Day, when the Creation was dreſſed in her Summer Habit: The whole Society went into the adjacent Fields and Meadows, to divert themſelves with an Evening Repaſt, till Supper was prepared and ready to be ſerved up; when all ſat down and jointly participated of what Providence had prepared for them. After Grace was ſaid, and the Table uncovered, the Servants retired and ſhut the Door.

Then the Collegians entertained their new Comers with variety of diverting Diſcourſes upon Philoſophy, Arts, Sciences and Hiſtorical Records; thus they ſet in Converſation till the Bell rung to Prayers, and the Chapel illuminated with Candles, ſet in Chryſtal Branches; at the End of the Service all the Collegians took up again, either a Harp, a Lute, or a Dulcimer, and begun an Hymn joined with their Voices; ſo that (the Luſtre of the Scene of the Lights was ſo dazzling, and the Harmony of the Inſtruments ſo inchanting) I thought it repreſented the Glories of the inviſible World.

The publick Service of the Day being thus ended, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin were conducted to their ſeveral Apartments; all which were hung round with the Pictures of *Moſes*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apoſtles,

ſtles, and the Evangeliſts; as alſo thoſe of *Shadrach*, *Meſach* and *Abednego*, walking in the midſt of a fiery Furnace, without a Hem of their Garments being ſinged by Fire.

Theſe Images, of departed Saints and Martyrs, kept them awake till Midnight; thoſe Scences ſent their Thoughts back to the firſt original Age, when the Creator had finiſhed his ſix Days Work, and the whole Face of the Earth appeared in all her new-made Ornaments; when the Image of Man had familiar Converſe with his God, and *Abraham* talked with him, and heard him anſwer.

I thought, with myſelf, that could I be inſpired, but for one Hour, to converſe with my Creator, and my Jeſus, I ſhould think my Soul ſafe, and my Aſſurance to Heaven confirmed.

Then I ſaw that *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, went to their private Devotion, to implore Divine Protection, during the nightly Shades, that bear the Image of Death.

Early in the Morning they all aroſe, and put up their Ejaculations to their God; then they opened the Caſements of their Windows, that looked into the Grove; there they were entertained with a Choir of Birds, ſinging on the Branches of Trees, as if they were bid to welcome them to *Abraham*'s Houſe.

When theſe Matings, of the winged Choir were over, the Converts walked out of their ſeparate Apartments into one of the Gardens, incircled with Borders, decked on every Side with Flowers, ſome blown, others juſt peeping out from the Clifts of their Hoods; at the Sight of theſe delightful Objects the Student broke forth, and ſaid;

" O, how amiable art thou, the Creator, in all thy " Works! Who is like unto thee in thy Energies? I have " heard of thoſe Artiſts that could draw the Likeneſs of " any Thing that appears to their View, but I could never, " as yet, meet with that Mortal whoſe Ingenuity crown'd " him with ſuch Succeſs as to cauſe Flowers to bud and " blow, and ſpring out of the Earth, without either " planting or ſowing Seed."

Then *Felix* came out of his Apartment, and went to the Student and the Virgin; as they were viewing theſe glorious Contextures of Nature, ſays he, what a wonderful Work was the firſt founding of all theſe Vegetables that we now behold and wonder at with Aſtoniſhment, not to be expreſſed in Words or conceived by Thought!

Felix, the Student and the Virgin continued thus, till called to receive their Morning Refreſhment, of God's good Creatures: Here they ſtaid near an Hour, converſing with the Collegians upon innocent and inoffenſive Points, entertaining to the Body, and not hurtful to the Soul.

From thence all the Family went to the Morning Service, and the Inſtruments and human Voices broke forth into high Strains of Praiſes; there was not one jarring Sound heard in all their Tunes; their melodious Notes were ſo ſweet and muſical that the very Animals, the Deer in the Park came up to the Terras Walk, under the Windows of the Chapel, and liſtned attentively to hear the Sound eccho from above, and in the adjacent Thickets. The aſſembling together of theſe Animals, as it were into a united Company, looked as if they underſtood how to pay their early Tribute to the firſt Cauſe of all Beings.

From theſe holy Exerciſes the Collegians, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin went into the Vineyards and Grove, and ſeparated into ſmall Companies.

The Converts took a bye Path to themſelves. Says the Student, whenever I look over my Books, in my Study, it brings to my Mind, that good Men, without ſtirring from their Books, may make great Diſcoveries of the Beauty and Deformity of Nature: For the reading ancient Authors, and looking back to paſt Ages, gives a Hiſtory, or properly ſpeaking, a Collection of the Crimes and Misfortunes of Mankind: Tho' theſe Evils do not fill up the Pages in Record, and include all the Experience of private Perſons, yet there are every where ſomething that is morally good; ſome Examples of Virtue and Happineſs; and this is that which makes the Difficulty; for if there were none but evil and unhappy Men, there would be no occaſion of making Remarks between Virtue and Vice; it is a Mixture of Happineſs and Virtue, with Miſery and Vice, which gives a Scope to Authors to treat upon ſuch variety of Subjects.

Says *Felix*, I have often taken an Obſervation of the Affairs of Mankind, and conſidering, a little, that good Things are ſometimes beſtowed upon a Nation, and afterwards that People are often afflicted for their Offences committed within themſelves.

The Student anſwered; ſays he, if we peruſe paſt Records ever ſo little, we ſhall find the Truth of this Aſſertion: I have read the Obſervations given by the Ingenious, and there I apprehend that the ſame Jupiter, to whom Sacrifices were offered for a Victory gained, was honoured upon

upon other Occasions, to the end he should cease to afflict the People of *Rome*; and tho' there was one *Vejovis*, much more inclined to do Evil than to do Good, nevertheless it was believed that *Dijovis*, or *Diespiter*, *i. e.* the God *Jupiter*, darted the Thunder Bolts. *Aulius Gallius* explains himself in such a manner, that he clearly distinguishes *Jupiter* from *Vejovis*.

Says *Felix*, I apply these Fictions of the Poets to the occasion of our arrival in the Land of *Canaan*, from the Tents of *Sodom*. Providence has given us from out of her Fountain of rich Wine, large Portions to drink; and out of the Fountain there is nothing but bitter Dregs; she has given full Bowls into the Hands of those that still remain in *Sodom*, and will not make a Progress to Mount *Sion*, the *New Jerusalem*. The Student said;

I have taken Notice how the Engine of the World runs round, sometimes Prosperity points towards the Wicked, and sometimes towards the Virtuous. *Felix* answered;

Should a curious Artist undertake to paint the Lineaments of Virtue and Vice, and hang Pictures at the Doors of our Temples, I am sure every Person, who beheld the Portraiture, would say, as they come to divine Worship, what are Sinners doing? every Figure describes them an Atheist, a Deist, or a Reprobate.

After these Conferences, between the Student and *Felix*, I observed, at a distance, *Sarah*, *Abraham*'s Wife, and the Virgin, set alone on a Bench in the Grove, discoursing together; I went up to them, their Subject was on Death, the Period of all Mortals.

Says *Sarah* to the Virgin, this solitary Retreat puts me in mind of Mortality, and our short continuance here on Earth: We come into the World with a Cry, and depart with a Groan: Our short Abode in this Vale, may well be compared to that of Flowers, which suddenly spring up in a fruitful Soil: Some appear more gay and beautiful than others; some begin to blow in the Morning, and others to take their Turns when the Day is farther advanced, discovering themselves by an insensible growth; but a Fate attends them all: For some are nipt in the Bud; others when a buding; some are blown to their utmost extent before they are gathered; others are cropt off as soon as their Colours are displayed: Some die away by the sharpness of the Air; others by the heat of the Sun: Some for want of Refreshment, whilst others continue till the Root is quite dried up for want of Moisture: However, in the space

of a few Months there is nothing to be ſeen but a Bundle of dry Kecks, or withered Stalks.

To this ſolemn Relation the Virgin made anſwer; ſays ſhe, our firſt Parents were created in the infancy of the World, and ever ſince the Generation of Men have taken their Turns in the ſeveral Ages of it: Some depart in their Mother's Womb, and never ſee the Light of the Day: Some come into the World juſt to die; and others only live ſo long in it as to ſend forth a few mournful Cries: Some give their Parents a few Months Trouble, and depart as ſoon as weaned from the Breaſt: Some live to hear themſelves utter a few intricate Words, which they do not underſtand, and then expire as if they had never been: Some continue five or ſix Years, and then ſink into the lower Shades: Some ſtand the Shock till fifteen, and then are turned to Duſt: Some bare it out to the flower of Youth, and then go down with Sorrow to the Grave: Some having attained to the middle Age bid adieu to all their Pleaſures, and fall a Victim to unrelenting Death: Some get up above the ſeventieth Year, and leave the World in a good old Age: Some weather the Storm for ninety Years, and at laſt die like a Child: So that the Generations that were formerly living in the World, as we are at preſent, are all dead and gone: And in a ſhort Time we ſhall follow the Steps of our Fore-fathers, and Men will ceaſe to be born.

I obſerved, that all the Time the Virgin was delivering this Lecture of Mortality, Tears diſtilled from her Eyes like Drops of Water from a Fountain. I was highly delighted to ſee Virtue thus flow and ſpring up in the Breaſt of a young Virgin: What Philoſopher, what Divine, could deliver himſelf in a more eloquent and florid Stile than ſhe did? a Language out of the common Level of Mankind: Her Voice, her Speech, conveyed my Thoughts to the Tombs and Charnel Houſe of Death, the End of all Fleſh. No ſooner had I called back my Thoughts from the Habitation of the Dead, but I heard the Harps, the Lutes and the Dulcimers, tuning their Notes in the Grove: Here I fancied myſelf tranſlated out of the Body, and carried up into the Regions above; for the Muſick ſeemed to dye in a diſtant Sound, and its Notes raiſed up beyond the Airy Regions.

Theſe, and ſuch like, are the Amuſements of every Day, within the Verge of *Abraham*'s Houſe: One Portion of Time is ſpent to converſe and talk with God;

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another Part is allotted for Prayer, and ſome for Pleaſure: So that the Body is refreſhed as well as the Soul, with ſuch Diverſities and Changes of Duties and Exerciſes. At other Seaſons of the Day and Night ſome adjourn to their Cloſets, ſome to the Vineyards, or wherever virtuous or innocent Diverſions leads them: No Vice or Irregularities are ſeen or heard within this Retreat from *Sodom*.

Here every Hour ſeems to be a Thankſgiving, or a Coronation Day: All are inſtructed in ſacred Writ; every Text is truly explained, and expounded; as alſo Philoſophy, Arts and Sciences, Voyages and Travels: Theſe Records are depoſited in *Abraham*'s Library.

Felix, the Student and the Virgin, frequently retire to the Park, and walk round the Canals, viewing the Robes of State with which the divine Being clothes the ſpacious Plains, Fields and Meadows, in the Spring of every Year; and undreſſes them again in the Autumn and Winter. Thus the Loom of Nature is ever working, it never ſtands unimployed; it is a perpetual Motion.

If we do but ſearch, ever ſo little, into the Secrets of natural Productions, we may obſerve ſeveral Sorts of Trees and Plants, that are no ſooner ſtript of their old Veſtures, but the God of Nature is working new ones out of their own Subſtance.

Then is it not highly reaſonable to believe that Man, the Image of his Creator, will be ſet off in the Morning of the Reſurrection with everlaſting Ornaments, and made far more lovely than the Roſes and Pionys now appears to our View.

How tranſcendent, glorious and ſeraphick, will our Spirits appear, when we come to enter within the reſplendent Regions. There is not a ſingle Plant or Weed, in any Park, but the more we look on it, the more its wonderful Contexture diſcovers itſelf to our Eyes. Sweet Jeſus! how ought we to be filled with Admiration, when we behold thy Wonders, and feel thy ſweet enamulation of that inward Peace, which inſenſibly flows from Virtue and Innocency, becalmed with divine Contemplation in Retirement.

Virtue and Innocency is a continual Feaſt; it is made for the Entertainment of the Soul, and the Soul ordained for the everlaſting Enjoyment of it: The Guilty are Strangers to it: It is truly known to none but the Regenerate. There is a ſeeming Virtue and Innocency, which for a while, may attend the Hypocrite or falſe-hearted Profeſſor, who thinks himſelf happy by reaſon of the

ſudden

ſudden Flaſhes of Peace that darts into his Mind, at ſome uncertain Seaſons: But alaſs! it falls ſhort of thoſe Rivers of well-grounded Satisfaction that continually flow from Virtue and Innocency. The Peace of the Wicked is much broken, but the innocent Mind continues in Tranquility, and ſtands like a Rock of Adamant. The Sinner's Peace is counterfeit; his Virtues are withered: But the truly innocent and inoffenſive Soul is continually blooming freſh and green: The Sinner's Eaſe is ſhort and tranſitory, but the Joys of the Righteous are everlaſting: The Sinner's Thoughts are variable; but the Virtuous are durable, and not ſubject to change. The Sinner's Mind is clouded with Fears, but the Virtuous are always Compoſed and Calm: The Sinner's Hope will periſh with him, but the Righteous will remain in the Day of Adverſity, and in the Hour of Death.

Let none deceive their Souls in expectation of arriving at Mount *Sion* by the Means of carnal Security, a ſteadineſs of Mind, built on a ſandy Foundation; but examine the State of their own Heart, and bring it to the Touchſtone of the Divine Law: For what will a falſe Hope avail, when the Tryal is called on at the great Day of general Aſſize.

As *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, were contemplating upon what had been thus delivered to them, upon the Subject of Saints and Sinners, Virtue and Innocency, one of the Servants of the Houſe came and told them there were Coaches at the Gate, attended with a large Retinue, who deſired to ſpeak with them.

The Converts were ſtruck with no ſmall Surprize, as not knowing the Meaning of ſuch a Viſit; they went to them, and who ſhould they be but the Duke of Worldly Honour, the Marqueſs of Maſquerades, Plays, &c. with the young Counteſs of Senſual Pleaſure.

Theſe Viſitors pretended they had travelled Day and Night, out of ſingular Love and Reſpect they had for *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin: The Converts could do no leſs than to take them into their Apartments to refreſh themſelves, and to walk out with them into the Gardens and Groves, to hear the Reaſon of their Viſit.

The firſt that ſpoke was the Duke of Worldly Honour: He addreſs'd himſelf to the Student; ſays he, I admire that a Man of your Parts and Learning ſhould be ſo ſtrangely led away by a Pack of crazy Dotards, with the ſimple Notion of the ſupreme Power and a Reſurrection-Day, ſince there

can be no more in it than there is in a Daſie that grows in the Fields, a ſilly ſort of Flower which ſerves only to amuſe Children and Fools. Be wiſe and go back with me to the Tents of *Sodom*; there are Preferments to crown you with which will abundantly ſatiate your Deſires, and raiſe your Grandeur.

The Student returned for anſwer; alaſs! do you think to bring me over to your Party by repeating an old Atheiſtical Aphoriſm, which is ſcarce of ſufficient Force to prevail with a *Jew*, a *Turk*, or a *Pagan*, that there is no ſuch thing as a ſupreme Being and a future Day of Reckoning.

Sir, ſays he, if you deſign to prevail with me, you muſt produce more cogent Reaſons, and offer me greater Honours; for no leſs Reward than a Crown will be able to draw me out of *Abraham's* Houſe, in my Progreſs to Mount *Sion*; and it muſt be alſo an Imperial Diadem, purchaſed from above, or elſe it will not ſerve my Turn.

You tell me that the divine Power and the Truth of a Reſurrection, is no more viſible than it is in a Daſie Flower; I'll grant it, and ſhall prove the Reality of both, by the admirable Curioſity that appears in the Texture of that deſpicable Weed: For how many pretty Leaves, diverſifyed with curious Colours, ſhoot out of the Top of that little Stalk? Tell me, if thou can'ſt, by what Art it is ſo wonderfully wrought, and by what Force it ſprings out of the Ground? Thy want of Ability, to reſolve this Queſtion, aſſures me of the immenſe Power of God, and the Certainty of my Body ariſing again; ſo that I am reſolved to ſtay in Solitude, till thou can'ſt ſummon up ſtronger Arguments to prove thy preſumptuous Aſſertion.

As for thy Preferments in *Sodom*, I do not value them, there is nothing in it but an empty blaſt of Air, that is ſoon blown over, and diſperſed in the thick Miſt of Oblivion. As for my Part,

Whoſoever may be enamoured with fleeting Shadows, I deſire not to be dandled in ſuch ſlippery Arms, which raiſes up in a Trice, to make Fools look and think it a fine thing to be advanced to a high Station, and then to be let fallen, on a ſudden, and ſo become a Laughing-Stock to the Crowds of gazing Spectators; which is frequently the ſad Cataſtrophe of thoſe who ambitiouſly aſpire to the higheſt Pinnacle of Preferment, either in Church or State.

I ſhall think myſelf ſufficiently rewarded if I can but become a Favourite of the Sovereign Monarch of Heaven, and be raiſed to his Kingdom, where I ſhall never be in danger of falling into the Valleys of Diſgrace, but admired

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by all the Citizens of Mount *Sion*, to the endless Ages of Eternity.

The Duke of Worldly Honour, perceiving his Designs to be frustrated, retired and sent up the Marquess of Masquerades, Plays, *&c.* This Vice-chancellor of *Satan*'s Universities addressed himself to *Felix*; most worthy *Felix*, says he, and well-beloved Friend, What strange Fancy hath led thee hither to so dismal a Solitude, incircled with melancholy Groves and wild Wildernesses? This is no proper Habitation for the Frequenters of my Houses, especially a Ruler of the People, a generous Soul who used to be my constant Guest every Evening, either to see a Masquerade, Ball, Tragedy, or Comedy.

It is not the Loss of part of my yearly Revenues, to which thou hast subscribed with great Liberality, that causes me to be so much concerned, as the Absence of thy noble Person and that of thy Companions; for if my House were deserted by Men of thy Quality, my Traffick would altogether cease, and the Doors must be shut up.

Therefore, I intreat thee, noble *Felix*, to return with me; I have new Operas, Tragedies and Comedies, in Rehearsal, and ready to be performed at our arrival: The Dresses and Scenes are likewise new, so that I doubt not but to have Houses filled with the chiefest of thy Rank and Quality: And for their better Entertainment, there is just arrived several *French* and *Italians* to Dance and Sing, which perform to Admiration. Their Voices and Harmony, with the Beauties of the female Sex, will charm and glut thy Eyes and Ears, and satiate thy Desires more than the Elysian Fields.

Sir, says *Felix*, will you be pleased to take notice, that the quick Sense of the malignant Nature of Sin was the chief Motive that induced me to go with the Student and the Virgin: I am conscious of my frequent resorting to thy lewd Operas, Masquerades, *&c.* and the sight of thy gaudy and dressed up Audience.

The more Company I formerly used to bring to thy House, so much the more I ought to refrain from those Vanities for the future. As for your deluding Phantoms of a Company of *French* and *Italians*, just arrived, that shall never decoy me into the Snare. I desire no more to see their antick and disguised Dresses, nor to hear their atheistical and blasphemous Discourses; those wanton Airs, painted Scenes, and tempting Songs, are apt to strike a Damp on the Spirits even of the best of Men.

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I have often obſerved, that many faithful Servants of God who took the Liberty to go to your Entertainments, once or twice a Year, have ſtrangely fall'n away in the Performance of their reſpective Duties; not being able to recover their former Sanctity of Life for ſome conſiderable Time; which Indiſpoſition was apparently occaſioned by vain Thoughts, that darted into their Minds, relating to what they had ſeen or heard in thoſe licentious Theatres.

Tell me not of the Crowds of Nobility and Gentry that are to be Partakers of your pompous Shews and new Scenes; it now grieves me to the very Heart that Perſons nobly deſcended ſhould act ſo contrary to known Principles, and debaſe themſelves ſo far as to ſet forth ſuch ill Precedents.

If I could by any Means be prevailed upon to return with you, it ſhould be to let thoſe Perſons of Honour know how miſbecoming it is to their high Birth and Character, to encourage and maintain ſuch lewd Packs of flaſhy, ill contrived Sophiſters, who fain would paſs for the greateſt Wits of the Age; but are altogether void of true Wiſdom, as not being capable to hold a Diſputation with Men of ſound Judgment. For it may be obſerved, by any judicious Perſon, that when theſe pretended *Solomons* are engaged in any ſolid Argument, and find themſelves put to it, they immediately have recourſe to pittiful Shifts and Evaſions, endeavouring to buffoon a ſincere Chriſtian out of his excellent Reaſonings, by a few Repartees and wild Notions, which the Poets have beat into their addl'd Brains, as a Rod of Correction does the A, B, C, into the ſhallow Intellects of a dull-pated Boy, who can ſay no more than what he learns by wrote.

On the other Hand, the Children of the high God cannot be buffoon'd, or eaſily impoſed upon; but ſoon expoſe their Adverſaries egregious Follies to Scorn and Deriſion. For who can have greater Advantages than thoſe that are enriched from above? and experimentally know the Difference between Good and Evil; between Virtue and Vice; between Things that are honeſt, laudable lovely and of good Report; and thoſe that are ſordid, deteſtable, vile and infamous.

For whereas wicked Miſcreants are ſkill'd in nothing but the black Art of Hell, with a Tincture of blind Philoſophy: So that true Prudence is to be found in none but the genuine Sons of the all-wiſe God, and Heirs of Salvation.

The Marquiſs of Maſquerades, Plays, *&c.* having heard *Felix*'s Reſolves, went away, and gave Place to the young Counteſs of Senſual Pleaſures; ſhe came up

to the Virgin, dreſſed to the beſt Advantage, in gaudy Attire, to demand the Reaſon how ſhe had changed her fine Apparel for ſo plain a Dreſs, as ſhe now appeared in; becoming all of a ſudden ſo meak and humble in Spirit, who not long ſince was of a high and haughty Diſpoſition: Come, ſaid ſhe, Virgin, return with me to the Tents of *Sodom*, I will ſtrip thee of this formal Habit, and adorn thee with Plumes of Pride, agreeable to thy Birth and celebrated Beauty: Be perſuaded to lay aſide theſe melancholy Looks and Carriage towards thy Inferiors, and ornament thy noble Deſcent with a majeſtick Look.

The Virgin anſwered; my former Miſdemeanors ought not to be expoſed, and brought in as a Motive to enduce me to continue in the ſame Follies; ſince Experience and divine Grace has refin'd my Underſtanding, and purified my Morals. Pride may become brute Beaſts, but it is altogether unſeemly and odious in the Profeſſors of Chriſtianity; for nothing diſplays a Woman's Folly more than an idle Conceit of her own Worth and Beauty: And indeed whenever our Sex, vain-glorioufly, vaunt it over their Inferiors, as if they were not Fleſh and Blood equal with themſelves, they do but imitate a ſilly Child that is mightily pleaſed with a gaudy Feather in his Cap, and thinks he can do much greater Feats in his maſtering his Playfellow, than if he where ſtript of his Finery, or appeared in as mean a Garb as the poor Boy with whom he is contending with.

Madam, ſays ſhe, it is not your black Plague-Spots of Damnation, nor the paint laid ſo thick on your freckled Face, which fitly repreſents the Flames of a wounded Conſcience: It it not your Equipage, Necklace of Pearl, rich Pendents, Breaſt Jewels, Lockets of Diamonds, repeating Watch, and other gay Trinkets, they ſhall no longer dazzle my Eyes, or inchant my Senſes, ſo as to make me your future Companion: On the contrary, I'll learn to adorn my Mind with thoſe excellent Graces of Virtue and Innocence, and keep on this my plain Dreſs, as you are pleaſed to term it, ſo ſhall I become an humble Aſſociate of the lowly and meak in Spirit.

Pride of Heart is the very Eſſence of the Prince of Darkneſs, and gorgeouſneſs of Veſture, is as it were his outward Garb, in which he ſometimes Counterfeits the Luſtre of an Angel of Light: Then whoſoever will may take Pleaſure in being puffed-up with Vain-Glory and Arrogance; talking big, and caſting ſcornful Glances on other Veſſels made of the ſame Mould with themſelves. I'll inceſſantly put up my Petition to Heaven for an even

Temper,

Temper, equal to that of the Patriarch *Job*, and learn of my crucified *Jesus* the Acts of Mortification and Self-denial; and be familiar in my Demeanour towards all that bear the Image of their Creator.

For what Excellency is there in me, tho' I am wealthy, young and beautiful, more than in another Person? am not I framed in the same Likeness? And must not I lay down in the same Level at last, with all the rest of mortal Beings?

Are my Qualifications more sublime than those of other Virgins? Am I carved out in a finer Shape than they, by the curious Hand of the Almighty? so much the more ought I to humble myself, and look up to the indulgent Father of Mercies, from whom every good and perfect Gift proceeds; as well knowing that if I be conceited with myself, or puffed-up on Account of my natural Endowments, such a vain Presumption would over-shadow, and eclipse all my real Worth and Excellency. I'll never entertain a fond Opinion of my own Abilities, but learn by Degrees to refine my Speculations, by taking more Delight in hearing other Virgins well spoke of, than seeing myself revered and applauded.

Let my Sex make what Figure they please, by triming up a dying and corruptible Body with gay Apparel, I shall think my Dress sufficiently genteel, if I can but cover the Nakedness of my first Parents, and defend myself against the cold Blasts of Winter Storms: For what Advantage is the outward Ornament of a few gay Peacock Feathers? which only encreases the Arrogance of the Person that wears them, and attracts the Eyes of the Envious to look how they are stuck on, who are apt to cavil at every Mode of dressing, and even at the misplace of a single Lock of Hair.

Therefore be gone from me, vain-glorious Countess, for I am resolved to dwell in *Abraham*'s House, with the Family of the Meek; where no ambitious Worldlings inhabit, nor haughty insulting Spirits disturb the Tranquility of our Retirement.

Upon these resolute Reprimands, the arrogant Lady perceiving her Allurements to be of no Force, went away, and left the Virgin alone to return treble Praises to the high God, that she had thus valiantly overcome the grand Enemies of her Salvation.

The three Agents, the Vicegerents of Satan, were incensed with the Disappointment they met with, after a long

and tedious Journey, so that they returned from whence they came, *viz.* the Tents of *Sodom*.

At their departure the Converts told the Collegians all that had pass'd, and to perpetuate the Memory of this Day, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin were conducted, in the Evening, into an Apartment, representing a Theatre, in which there was a Stage illuminated with Lamps and Candles; then all the Collegians appeared, with musical Instruments in their Hands, and performed an Anthem upon this extraordinary Occasion; which, what with their Voices and the sound of Harps, I thought was so seraphick and glorious, that it imitated holy and immaterial Spirits in their Hallelujahs.

At the Period of these Praises and Thanksgivings, sent up to the high God, that reigns in Glory, a Scene was drawn, representing a Penitent surrounded on all Sides with Laurels and Trophies of Honour.

The History of this Convert was rehearsed to *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin: The Contents ran thus, the Penitent, represented in this Scene, was a Sinner, as well as you; he lived in *Sodom*, before it was destroyed by Fire and Brimstone, but by the mighty Power of God he left that City, and travelled to *Abraham*'s House in *Canaan*, there he lived, and there he died: It is to his Memory that this Record is kept, as an original Piece to paint after, of which *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin may be said to Copy in the first Part of their Progress; and in this have obtained a Victory over Worldly Honours, sensual Pleasures, Pride and Ambition.

This original Penitent, at his Conversion, composed the following Prayer: " O, thou God *Jehovah!* let my " Petition at thy Throne be, that thou wouldst ne- " ver forsake me, but grant me the Favour, and the " Light of thy Countenance: Let me not be betrayed into " any Thing that is ungrateful or unjust: Let me not shut " my Ear to the Cries of the Needy, nor forget the Per- " son that has deserved well of me: Let me not for any " Fear desert my Friends, my Principles, or my Honour: " If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual At- " tendance, make me meek and humble in Soul: If Pover- " ty overtakes me, may I resign to thy Will, and bear " Hunger, Cold and Nakedness. There is more Pleasure " in the Practice of Virtue, than in that of Riches, Pa- " rents, Children, Wife or Friends. My Soul glow'd with- in me at the rehearsal of this original Prayer, made be- fore *Sodom* was destroyed.

And

And yet I was ſtill more delighted in ſeeing another Scene drawn, repreſenting two Altars, one the Emblem of Light, the other of Darkneſs: In the firſt there was an Angel decyphered, holding a Tranſparent Globe in his Hand, ſignifying the Glories of Heaven: Then I caſt my Eye upon the Altar of Darkneſs, there I was ſtruck with Pain and Horror; I beheld nothing there but Shadows, Clouds and Darkneſs; the Regions crowded with multitude of Images, disfigured with frightful and amazing Aſpects: There was repreſented Life and Death, endleſs Joys and endleſs Pains.

Upon a nearer View of this Altar of Darkneſs, I fancied the Frame of it ſhak'd and trembled, which made the Scene appear as a Foundation erected upon the Sands; yet the World's Favourites made their Addreſſes to it, in expectation of receiving Delight and Pleaſure, but they were immediately ſatiated and went off with Regret. Thus every Generation, Male and Female, take their Turns, and make their Court to this Altar of Obſcurity, Miſery and Death.

I aſked the Student how he liked this Scene; he anſwered, that there was once a time when he made Court to this Goddeſs; once, ſays he, my wandering Thoughts were on theſe empty Shadows; then thoſe falſe Appearances were my Pleaſure, now they are my Averſion: I have turned my Eyes and Thoughts to the Altar of Light, there my Meditations are fixed and center'd.

The next Scene preſented to *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, was this: There appeared on the Stage a gay Youth, flushed with Wealth, and a religious Votary, in a Nun's Dreſs; they obſerved each other with a kind of Scorn or Reſentment: O! ſays the Youth, you will find yourſelf miſerably miſtaken in living an auſtere Life, ſhould there be no Reward in a future State, which is contrary to my Belief; true, ſays the Nun; but what will your Condition be if there are Regions of Pain? which is my Faith that there is.

Man, ſays the Nun, is the Image of the Creator, and is deſigned for two different Worlds: The firſt Life is ſhort and momentary, the ſecond laſting and endleſs. The principal Point, we are all concerned in, is which of theſe two Worlds we make our Choice: The preſent State is but, as it were, a Span, and the Duration of a few Evening Dreams and Shadows: As for my Part, I will learn to ſecure the Region of Light, which is fixed and ſettled for ever. In Practice, the generality of Men adhere to the wrong

Side

Side of the Queſtion; they make Choice of the preſent Time, and caſt off all Thoughts of what will be future.

Here the Nun ſtopt; and there appeared a Perſon, dreſſed in the Habit of a divine Philoſopher, muſing within himſelf; one while he looked upon the Youth, and at another his Eyes was towards the Nun.

Says he, I have taken a View of both Worlds; in my Thoughts, I conclude Man to be a Specie of quite different Ends and Purpoſes than what he really is; muſt not I imagine according to his Actions, that he only looks after the Poſſeſſions of Honour and worldly Grandeur? Muſt not I think that his Duty is only to toil and labour for that which periſhes? Muſt not I certainly imagine that he is influenced by a Scheme, quite oppoſite to Reaſon, and the Rules preſcribed in the Laws of Nature? Truly, according to my Thoughts, he muſt conclude that he is the moſt obſtinate Creature in the Univerſe; and daily keeps in View the End for which his Actions ſeem to point at, *viz.* A ſhort Scence of uninterrupted Vanities, and a Reſolution to run the Riſk, at all Adventures, of being loſt and damned for ever.

The Entertainment concluded with the Sayings of the original Penitent. O, Lord God! what is my Life in this State of Miſery, but as it were, a continual putting on and pulling off; or an acting the ſame Part often over. What therefore, can I compare myſelf unto, whilſt abiding in this Vale, than to an Infant ſprawling about in the dark and narrow Receſſes of his Mother's Womb, not knowing whether it goes, drawing near to its Birth he knows not when; and ſtaying there awhile, in order to be thrown naked into a Region it knows nothing of: Why even thus it is with me, as to my natural Man, I lie ſhifting about, to-and-fro', in this cloudy and little World, doing I ſcarce no what; looking to be removed hence, I cannot tell on what Day, Time or Hour, waiting to be flung bare into an unſeen Being, that as yet I know little off; but Thanks be to thee great *Jehovah*, it is otherwiſe with my more noble Part the Soul, for that divine Ray has Liberty, without controul, to fetch many a Peep into the light Regions, and refreſh itſelf by holy Contemplations, notwithſtanding its Confinement in this Body of Clay.

Should my Soul be denied that Freedom, to converſe with my God, it would be ſtifled in the Womb of this ſuffocating Globe of Earth, before it is delivered hence. O, my Creator! what makes me talk of this State of Duſt? ſince ten thouſand ſuch material Worlds as this would not

be

be large enough to contain my Soul within their Bounds; for did it not ever and anon fetch a few Breathings, in its own natural Air, the heavenly Kingdom, and take ſome Turns in its native Situation, the Dwellings of immaterial Spirits, it would languiſh with Deſpair. The next Scene drawn, preſented a Youth in white Rayment, holding a Palm in one Hand, and a Manuſcript in the other, an original Piece; he repeated every Word *extempory*, as the Copy run.

Says the divine Author, as often as I take a Proſpect of the Creation, I enter into the fathomleſs depth of Infinity, thoſe Scenes furniſh my Mind with Variety of Objects, and prove that there is a Superior that rules over all. I delight to riſe early to ſee the Earth watered with the Dew of the Morning, how the Chriſtal Drops hang on every Blade of Graſs, in the Fields and Meadows: Theſe Thoughts furniſh me with a ſecret Wonder and profound Awe in theſe Meditations: I fancy myſelf in the Garden of *Eden*, before *Eve* prevailed with *Adam* to eat the forbidden Apple. My Opinion is, that then *Paradice* out-ſhined all the other part of the whole Creation, being in its primitive State of Innocency, but not now to be ſeen, ſince the World hath been corrupted, and ſtained with Degeneracy. Indolence now ſinks the Soul below itſelf; its Purſuits are center'd little further than this Period of Time: How few take any Obſervation, or ever read one Line in the whole Volume and Manuſcripts that hangs over us, and incompaſſes this Globe. In that excellent Book there is painted out ſuch variety of Miracles, that may entertain our Thoughts with Delight; the Univerſe is placed in ſuch Order, and there are ſuch diverſities of Images to be ſeen, that was Man to live ten Generations, and to fill a Page, cloſe written, every Day of his Life, yet thoſe vaſt numbers of Sheets would not contain one quarter of the Hiſtory that may be wrote of all the Bodies, Beings and Vegetables, that adorn our viſible World.

In ſome Inſtances the Works of Men are curious, and drawn out in fine Threads, both divine and philoſophical; even there we may extract fine Examples, which may guide our Actions in many Stages of Life. It is not acquired Parts that always inrich the Mind with Virtue, or give the Thoughts fine Ideas; for without natural Acquirements and divine Gifts, we ſhall never attain to thoſe Perfections that adorn the Soul of wiſe and good Men. At the End of this Speech there was a profound Silence, the whole Audience

ſeemed

ſeemed to be conveyed from Earth to Glory: Then the Curtain fell, and the Entertainment concluded.

Here ends the firſt Part of *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin's Journey, from Time to Eternity. The next to be treated of will contain their Conferences with the Collegians; their Sayings in their laſt Sickneſs, and the Orations made at their funeral Obſequies.

The Subject will be ſolemn; ſuch as may convey the Meditations of *Chriſtians*, *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Pagans*, into the Confines of Mourning: There you will ſee every Scene painted out in the Images of Mortality, ſo as you may take a View of the Tombs, there preſented, of the Deceaſed, and let fall a Sigh and a Tear, in Memory of your deceaſed Anceſtors, that have already ſuffered all the Diſhonours of Corruption, and now ſleep in the Vaults of the Earth. Tho' our Spirits reſemble the Image of *Jeſus*, yet it is predeſtinated that our Fleſh and Bones muſt be the Companion of Worms and Putrifaction: Our original is Duſt, and Duſt and Rottenneſs will be our Portion, before our Bodies ſhall be refined and changed into an immaterial and ſpiritual Body.

F I N I S.

The VIRGIN'S Viſion

The firſt Night ſhe lay in Abraham's *Houſe.*

I Had no ſooner drawn my Curtains, and compoſed my Mind to reſt, with the pleaſing Ideas of my being arrived in *Canaan* from *Sodom*, but I fancied I was conveyed into an unknown Region; and paſſing away my Time in Company of Myriads of Beings, entertaining each other with Hallelujah's and Songs of Praiſes, I beheld there the infinite Perfection of the Deity, and ſaw even created Beings moving round the Throne of Jeſus. Thus my Speculations were raiſed beyond ſenſual Enjoyments. Theſe glorious Sights awaked me out of my Sleep; but I was immediately thrown again into a ſtrange Amuſement, if I may call it ſuch; for I cannot certainly tell what it was, by reaſon the Sun had been for ſome Hours ſet, and my Thoughts were wholly taken up on divine Objects. Be it what it will, I was entertained with ſo clear a Proſpect of an endleſs Scene of Worlds, as if I had ſeen a new Creation of Wonders weaved out to me in the Loom of Nature. I fancied I ſaw the azure Sky crouded with the ſame glorious Lamps, which I had been lately contemplating upon. I was looking very attentively on a Star towards the Eaſt, when on a ſudden there appeared a blazing Light, as if the Element was all of a Flame. Upon its abating, the great Luminary came forth of his private Chamber, with all the Emblems of Beauty about him, ſhining in its full Strength, and ſpoke to me after a very uncommon manner: I am, ſays he, of a purer Subſtance than the Earth, and compoſed of Particles, which never ſwimmed in the Floods that were diſperſed about the black Chaos. But upon my being advanced into the unknown Depth of the Firmanent, I was ordered immediately to go to my limited Circuit, where I met, in my firſt three Day's Progreſs, Multitudes of Beings juſt formed, peeping forth from the dark Womb of Obſcurity in their full Growth, endowed with Senſe. They all inſtantly enter'd upon Action, with as much Experience, as if they had been acquainted with the Buſineſs of the World for a whole Age. What with their Diverſi-

ty of Shapes, Activity and Labour, I saw presented to me an Art more curious than I could imagine, in the framing of that Part of the Creation wherein they moved. But things of this sort are not the Occasion of my Visit. There is a vast Number of Objects lodged in the long Track of Heaven, which you cannot view to any Perfection, that have divine Lessons of the supreme Essence described on every Part of them. I, who am of a clear Light, can make what Observations I please. I have divided them, and still open them, and still discover new Wonders of Providence. It may be, you are startled at what I say; but I must tell you, that there are many other shining Spheres, which I can only discern at a vast Distance, glimmering like small Sparks of Fire ascending upwards; which, if you could suit your Notions, as I can, to their Dimensions, you might see one Apartment within another; and so proceed so long as you think fit to continue your Disquisition. If these things appear extravagant and ridiculous, it is because you live remote from such Miracles, and your blunt and gross Organs of Sense are not capable of retaining Ideas that come so near to Perfection. I told him my Mind was filled with secret Delight, and I could frame prodigious Schemes to myself of the large Extent of those distant Worlds; but I fancied I should be laughed at, if I went about to broach such Opinions, as Precepts to be believed by others. Your Remarks, says he, are very right; and I must allow, that what I speak of the mighty Wonders in the upper Regions, only suits such, who very artfully contract within the Compass of their Fancies those great Objects of Admiration, with a Design to instil them into the Minds of others by a kind of insensible Advantage of Instruction. I desired him to furnish me with something more suitable to a general Approbation, and speak of his own Performances. Your Reason tells you, says he, there is no Trace in the Book of Nature that appears to you, which represents a more glorious Figure than myself; though it is strange to see the Clouds and the Rain frequently overshadowing my flaming Orb, which gives by its Heat and Influence many Creatures their first Shapes, so as they come to be so strong and mighty, as to climb up Hills and Trees, and perform the little Actions of Play and Eating. I shall pass over mentioning my bringing forth out of the Earth from Acorns and small Seeds, Woods, Forests, winding Mazes, Beds of painted Flowers, Gardens of Roses, and Bowers of Jessamines, entangled over with Amaranths, and only

speak

ſpeak of two things, which are very extraordinary, neither of them having ever fell out above once in my whole Travels. The firſt was my being unexpectedly ſtopp'd in my Courſe; which was a great Surprize to the Hiſtorians, who have very judiciouſly ſet down that Incident in their largeſt Pieces of Antiquity in Capital Letters. The ſecond Obſtacle, which I muſt not omit, was this, I was forced to go back, and bring again my Shadow, which was gone down ten Degrees on the Dial. My total Eclipſe, which was ſo very remarkable, is ſo well known, that I ſhall ſpeak nothing of it, only that I was then abaſhed, and thought a Star looked down from the Sky on the Earth with a much brighter Luſtre than myſelf. As I was endeavouring to pierce into the utmoſt Spaces that had been deſcribed to me, the pleaſing Object veiled itſelf in Darkneſs; I was left alone, and could ſee no Appearance in the Sky of any Being whatſoever. At laſt I heard great murmuring in the Air, as if there had been many Voices contending for Precedency; when on a ſudden a rich Scene of Nature was open'd to me, adorn'd with Multitudes of Images, which filled my Mind with a ſacred Pleaſure, if I may be allowed that Expreſſion. As ſoon as I had ſtrengthen'd my Sight to the utmoſt of my Ambition, I ſaw the Moon, with the reſt of the wandering Planets, come forth of their Houſes, diſputing very earneſtly, which of them ſhould be the Leader of the Company. When they had ſettled that Ceremony, they began to diſcourſe me, in very familiar Terms, about the ſeveral Productions of Nature, that cannot be diſcover'd, by reaſon of their vaſt Diſtance, with the Help of a Teleſcope. Your Philoſophers ſay, they make Diſſections upon human Bodies to ſee how they are contrived, and think, when they have unravell'd that Myſtery, they have attained to abundance of Knowledge: But were they to make ſuch narrow Inſpections into the great Number of Objects that are confined within the Limits of our Circles, they would look upon all they have hitherto found out, to be little trifling Niceties, ſcarce worthy their Obſervation. What you underſtand of our mutable Revolutions, the diſtinct Stations we belong to, and the particular Signs and Names we are diſtinguiſhed by, is very imperfect, and many of the Notions are altogether extravagant. There is ſomething ſo fine and intricate in the Particles we are compoſed of, that would puzzle all our Thoughts to find out the curious Contexture of them. I muſt own, ſaid I, that what you ſay is more edifying than

a Preacher; yet they are Subjects too nice for such as never framed an Idea of the beautiful Perfections that lie concealed in the upper Part of the Creation; which the bare musing upon them, sets forth to Men of Judgment, the great Wisdom and Art visible in the hidden Secrets of the Infinite Being. They were returning me an Answer; but before they came to the Conclusion of it, what with the Diversity of Languages, and Variety of Subjects, which I fancied to be very charming, as well as loud, I got up to reach my Pen and Ink to write down some particular Passages, when unexpectedly I found myself in my Chamber in *Abraham*'s House, in the Land of *Canaan*, with only a Rush Candle burning at the Bed-side. I called the Servant that lay in the Room, and asked if any Company had been there. Being answer'd in the Negative, I was much surprized, because I thought I had been engaged almost two Hours in viewing and discoursing with prodigious Multitudes of high-born Beings about very conspicuous Matters. As soon as I was dressed, and found out perfectly, that this was only the Fruits of my natural Fancy, I cast away from me all that was too copious for my Memory to retain, and went to collect what Heads might improve my Mind; yet I could not believe there was any Seed of Vanity in those mere Shadows of my Thoughts, which was so very intricate, as would offend any, who think it the most agreeable Task imaginable, to be frequently practising in the retired Studies of Nature, where every Genius is not capable of entering: for the Notions may serve as Guides to lead divine Minds through both Hemispheres, diversified with Suns, Stars, Lamps and Tapers, seated one above another, and going up to so prodigious a Heighth, that scarce all our framed Ideas can reach, or pass to the End of them. If any of the Periods in this Vision on the Works of the Creation for confuting Atheism appear too long, and the Thread of them spun out somewhat of the smallest, it will be esteemed so by none, but those who imagine that they can see nothing more than Fields of Riddles painted out in strange Colours, or as an Assembly of Monsters hid in Embrio.. Such Men look upon the Pieces that stand fixed in the immense Tract of the Heavens through false Glasses, that present every Object walking about in blind Disguises; and take all things of this Nature to be only Crouds of immaterial Shadows, described in new Kind of Forms, according to the variable Humours of the Mind.

Indigent

Indigent and humble Christians are more excellent than wealthy and proud Sinners.

The Peasant that plows and harrows in the Fields, enjoys more Peace than Tyrants encircl'd with Diadems and Sceptres.

The PARABLE

Of the Shepherd, Joshua *and* Mary,

Who lived in thatched Tenements, secluded from Noise and Snares: Their Sayings and exemplary Lives.

THE Day after I had taken my Farewell of *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin, I passed over to an Island; and being a Stranger there, I made myself known to a Gentleman, esteemed for his Virtue and Generosity. He received me with Respect, and told me I might make his House my Home. After we had passed through several Conferences relating to *Abraham*'s House in the Land of *Canaan*; Sir, says he, there are three Persons that live in my Neighbourhood, whom I value for their Knowledge and holy Living; though I possess a plentiful Fortune, and they move in low Spheres, they exceed me in several Scenes of Life. I esteem their Conversation more than that of the learned Rabbies of the Age. I call them Righteous *Joshua*, *Zachariah* and *Mary*. Says he, *Joshua* rents a little Farm, *Zachariah* is a Shepherd, and *Mary* keeps a School. Having heard their Characters, I was desirous of their Acquaintance. It is a secret Pleasure to me to converse with sincere and humble Christians, though their Fortunes are mean,

mean. I went first to *Joshua*; he had a Wife and three Children. My Visit to him was on the Sabbath-day, in the Morning. When I came, he was reading to his Family out of that excellent Parable, the Book of *Job*; then he retir'd to Prayer, sung a Psalm, and went to Church. I attended him to the holy Temple to observe his Demeanor, which was devout and serious: He solemnized every Moment in so decent a manner, that it affected my Soul. I returned with him to his thatched House, and partook of what Nature had allotted for that Day's Repast, which was only a little Pottage, and Barley-Bread; the Drink not much better than fair Water. Though his Table was thus meanly spread, he sat down with great Content; and after he had eat his Morsel, he said Grace, and read two Chapters in *Ecclesiastes:* then he and his Family went to perform the remaining Duties of publick Worship; which he did with an awful Respect and resolved Obedience to the saving Truths then deliver'd. When Sermon was over, he put up a short Ejaculation, and returned home, saluted all he met with a chearful Countenance. At his Entrance into his Cottage he made the following Prayer.

O Jesus, what Reason have we to rejoice and praise thy holy Name, who hath vouchsaf'd to honour us this blessed Sabbath with thy more immediate Presence: A Favour that ought to be deeply engraven on our Thoughts, so as to influence the Actions of our Life, and raise a Scene of thy divine Mercy, so as never to offend again.

Thus *Joshua* passed on from one Exercise to another for near two Hours; then he walked into his little Plat, set with Cabbages and Pot-herbs. I talked with him there on the Works of Nature and Providence: after which he went in, and expounded upon the Texts of Scripture treated upon that Day. Near the going down of the Sun, he concluded the Evening Exercise in these Expressions: 'O 'Thou Eternal and High God that reigns in endless Ages, 'we poor Peasants, the Vassals of an earthly Lord, are 'come, at the Close of the Sabbath, to pour out our Souls 'to thee with due Reverence and Humility. We believe 'that through the Merits of Christ's Blood our Pardon will 'be sealed in Glory before we remove out of this Tent of 'Clay. O great Jehovah, condescend so far as to give 'ear to the unlearned Petitions of us frail, despicable Mortals: a Family that are no more regarded by the rich

'*Dives's*

'*Dives's* of the World, than a few lowly Drakes by the 'haughty Swans of the Meadows, that take little notice of 'any other feather'd Fowls but those of their own Tribe, 'dressed in the same shining Array. The Case is far 'otherwise with thee, O thou eternal Fountain of Light. 'Thou hadst much rather look down with an Eye of 'Mercy on a few mortified Christians cloathed in plain 'Apparel, than on a Company of imperious Sinners adorn-'ed with Purple and fine Linnen.

'On this Account we are embolden'd reverently to fall 'down at the Footstool of thy Throne, preferring thy di-'vine Favour before the Smiles of the Great. Here we 'are, where no Eyes see, nor Ears hear, but thou the 'Great Being; we beseech thee to answer the Supplicati-'ons we now put up: let them ever be receiv'd as a suffi-'cient Sacrifice.

'Cast us not away from thy Presence, nor ever take 'thy Holy Spirit from us. Revive our Souls with the 'Pledges of thy Love; raise our Thoughts beyond carnal 'Desires; let not Sin interrupt our spiritual Flight towards '*Sion*, but increase our Contemplations on thy Excellen-'cies. It is but a short Space, and all Winter Storms will 'be laid, the long and tedious Nights will then end, and we 'shall awake to the Dawn of a glorious Resurrection. A 'Day, that never will be obscur'd by Clouds of Darkness; 'a Morn, in which we shall shine brighter than the Rays 'of a material Sun at its meridian Height. Send down, 'we most humbly beseech thee, a chosen Guard of thy 'heavenly Host to watch round about this our obscure Ha-'bitation, till the Light of another Day appears beyond the 'further Hills, or the Cocks begin to send forth their early 'Strains to raise our sleepy Souls, and rouze up our drowsy 'Bodies, in order to pour out our early Petitions to Hea-'ven, and then go out of this Cottage to our daily La-'bour.'

When *Joshua* had ended this Prayer, he and his Family retir'd to rest; and early in the Morning they arose, and after some short Ejaculations went into the Field to labour. Thus *Joshua* spent his Sabbath, and the ensuing Week, in performing the Duties of Christianity and Industry. Such busy Labourers live in Silence, are secluded from the Conversation of wealthy and obstinate Sinners. *Joshua*, at the End of his Pilgrimage, wound up his Time in taking leave of the World: He told his Wife and Children he was going to fall a Victim to the Summons of Death.

The

The Almighty requires no more of me than what I received. I have ſerved him to the utmoſt of my Ability. I need not repeat how averſe I have been from living in *Sodom*, where the Spots of Guilt might have overſpread my Soul as a malignant Leproſy, and plunged it in the unfathomed Gulph of Deſpair. I bleſs his Name, that I was never inrolled in the Regiſter of the Wiſe, nor number'd amongſt the Learned. How much more eaſy is it for me, now in my laſt Moments, to reſign my Breath in a ſmall Cottage on a Flock-bed, with a Mind free from Blame, attended with a virtuous Spouſe and inoffenſive Offspring, than to give up the Ghoſt on a Down-pillow with a polluted Soul, ſurrounded by an imperious Concubine, and her ſpurious Brood, that never learnt the Science of living holy. Happy Day when I came to this Habitation, encompaſſed with a few Acres of Land. Here I have been free from the outrageous Tranſports of unruly Paſſions, and the Baits of Vice.

In this Retreat no Wantons have tempted our Hearts to Lewdneſs, nor reeling Sots to drown us in Bowls of intoxicating Liquors; no craſty Knaves to ſhew us the Arts of Deceit, nor perjur'd Rakes to drill us into pernicious Snares; no ſtately Palaces in our Neighbourhood, to bring a Diſgrace on my little Houſe; neither have gilded Chariots run by our Door, to demand Acclamations to a vain Lump of Mortality; no Stage-Players to divert our Thoughts to Sin, nor ſilly Toys to withdraw our Souls from divine Contemplations; no Drums to beat for Volunteers, nor roaring Cannons to diſturb our Peace; no Siege laid againſt our Fort, nor Batteries raiſed to beat it down; no Robbers to riſle our little Wardrobe, nor Incendiaries to burn my withy Chair of State; neither have there been any diſſolute Libertines to tempt the Wife of my Boſom to Lewdneſs, nor to decoy the Daughter of my Youth.

Thus have we paſſed through the ſeveral Stages of Life with an inward Satisfaction of Mind, and have fairly eſcaped the dangerous Snares of Folly; and now, by the unalterable Decree of God, I am going to leave the World, and part with you, my Wife and Children. The Gain is great to me, to exchange a few Roods of Land for an everlaſting Inheritance; a Cottage of Earth, for a magnificent Palace; a hard Bed, for a ſoft Couch of Roſes; a Nurſery of Weeds, for the Garden of Life; a Vale of Miſery, for a Region of Glory.

Now

Now I addreſs myſelf to you, my dear Spouſe and little Flock: Let no Tears diſtil from your Eyes, nor Sorrow from your Hearts: Lament not the Loſs of me, neither take any unneceſſary Thought for to-morrow, *what ye ſhall eat, or what ye ſhall drink, or wherewithal ye ſhall be cloathed.* View the Lillies that are growing in my little Cloſe, and obſerve the providential Care that is apparently over thoſe gaudy Flowers which ſpread themſelves in the Valleys; then *how much rather will the Almighty cloath you, O ye of little Faith.*

Have Patience but a while, and you will meet with the ſame God of Mercies, when my Head is laid in the Duſt, as if I ſtill continued with you. He that hath hitherto provided Bread, will never let you want it when I am gone. Call to mind the noble Example of the Heroe, who took little Care for the future, but diſtributed his large Portion to the Uſe of the Poor, till nothing was left but two ſmall Pieces of Silver, for the preſent Maintenance of himſelf and Family: inſomuch that this excellent Perſon, ſitting alone on a certain Day near a Grove, took upon him to plead with the Almighty after the following manner:

'O Thou Eternal King of Heaven and Earth, I in-'truſted thee with all my Poſſeſſions, becauſe thou haſt 'promiſed that *the Righteous ſhall never be forſaken, nor his 'Seed beg their Bread.* It is expreſſed in thy ſacred Word, '*He that hath pity upon the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and 'what he layeth out, it ſhall be paid him again:* and, *Bleſ-'ſed be the Man that provideth for the Sick and Needy, the 'Lord ſhall deliver him in the time of Trouble.* Now I 'beſeech thee, O Jeſus, to make good theſe Promiſes to 'me in this my greateſt Neceſſity, eſpecially ſince my 'Faith is ſo ſtrong as to believe them without the leaſt 'Miſtruſt.'

The diſconſolate Gentleman having ſat a while under Covert of the ſhady Bower, returned to his Houſe; and after a little communing between God and his own Soul, he heard a Noiſe in an adjacent Field, and looking out of his Window, diſcover'd two Men ſcuffling together; whereupon he went out to know the Reaſon of ſuch a Conteſt, and uſed Arguments to perſuade them to be reconcil'd, and not to fall out by the way: But his Chriſtian Advice was rejected, till the two Combatants fought ſo long, as to be forced to demand time of each other to recover Breath; and then they acquainted him with the Occaſion of their

Quarrel: That they had found a ſort of precious Stone, and could not agree who ſhould carry it off, as being Strangers one to the other; but if he would purchaſe it, they might eaſily divide the Spoil. The good Man reply'd, 'Twas much to be fear'd it would be of no Value to him; and that he had but two Pieces of Silver remaining in the World, out of all his Revenues, to buy Bread for his Family: nevertheleſs, rather than there ſhould be any further Contention between them, he would give them his whole Stock; which they readily accepted of, and parted good Friends. Then the Gentleman ſhewed the Stone to a Lapidary, who told him it was a valuable Jewel; inſomuch that it brought him great Riches, and by that means receiv'd ten-fold for what he had ever beſtow'd in charitable Uſes.

Now let me intreat you, my Wife and Children, to arm yourſelves with the ſame Faith; and then the Almighty will provide for you by ſome Means or other, though not after ſo wonderful a manner, and in ſo great Plenty, yet ſo far as may be ſufficient to ſupply your craving Wants; and at laſt you ſhall not fail in your Hope of receiving the valuable Pearl of ineſtimable Price, reſerved for your Uſe in the everlaſting Kingdom. Now I recommend you to the Care and Protection of Jeſus, not doubting in the leaſt but he will be a provident Husband, to wipe away all briniſh Tears from the Eyes of a diſconſolate Widow, and an indulgent Guardian to the fatherleſs Children. I have neither Wealth nor Honours to leave; but this I bequeath to you, That you be faithful to Death, always abounding in good Works, loving one another, depending entirely on the Divine Will in all Changes and Chances of this mortal State.

Let me conjure you, as you tender your own Peace, the Requeſt of a dying Husband, and the Bleſſing of a Father, never leave this Retirement to go to *Sodom*; but keep a cloſe Correſpondence with the moſt High in this your fix'd Habitation, labouring with your Hands as long as bodily Strength continues; and when that fails, then throw your ſelves into the Arms of Providence, and you will meet with a timely Supply when it is leaſt expected. Have no Regard to the Splendor of this World, nor envy the Proſperity of Sinners. Implant in your Minds a Belief, that we ſhall in due time meet again in the Regions above, there to ſing the Praiſes of a high God, and hear the Hallelujahs of Angels to eternal Ages. Now I bid farewell to this vain, ſhort, and frivolous Life: I bid farewell to Wife and Children: I bid all a final adieu. The

The following Piece is a Copy of a Writing found in *Joſhua*'s little Box after his Deceaſe. The Lines are worthy of Notice, becauſe their Original are deriv'd from a poor Farmer, deſtitute of acquir'd Parts, but endow'd with a natural Genius. The Contents of the Manuſcript run in a fine Thread of Thought, and exalted Ideas. 'If, ſays 'he, theſe Beings that I behold with my Eye are formed 'out of a rude Chaos, from what Original did it derive its 'Exiſtence? Was it by the Finger of an eternal Spirit, or 'the gathering together of rude Matter out of an Abyſs of 'nothing? Are there any Limits or Spaces between Finite 'and Infinite? Can Man's Thought reach the ſacred Coun-'cil of the undivided Trinity? Can his Wiſdom find out 'what that infinite Being is now doing, and will bring to 'paſs in future Ages? Doth not every Generation bring 'forth uncommon and ſtrange Births? Is not Nature al-'ways a teeming with new Changes and Alterations, that 'no Power can create, or even fathom, but God? What 'is higher than the original Creator, and what is wilder 'than the Ideas of Man? What is ſo perfect as that Spirit, 'which ever did, and ever will, rule in the vaſt and 'boundleſs Circles? When I look at yonder Firmament in 'a glorious and bright Day, or in a clear Night, and ſee 'the Orbs, I am ſtruck with a profound Awe. Thoſe 'Sights ſink me into Admiration, and confirm my Faith. 'Amazing Thoughts! to conſider that this created Earth 'ſhould undergo, as it were, an Eclipſe every twenty-four 'Hours, and then aſſume again all its Luſtre and Beauty. 'I ſee every Evening the Face of the Earth veiled with 'Darkneſs. There I behold an inviſible Mind, that in-'ſpires my Thoughts with the ſtrongeſt Ideas, that there 'is an Almighty Exiſtence in the leaſt trifling Object that 'appears to our View, either in the Earth, in the Sea, or 'in the Air.

'To enrich my Soul, I have frequently carry'd my 'Conceptions further than all this. I have nicely enquir'd 'into the Wiſdom of Nature, and aroſe early in the 'Morning before any glimmering Light appear'd on the 'Mountains, except it was here and there a bright wander-'ing Star. In this high Flight I have aſcended to the Top 'of a Hill, and there obſerv'd the Darkneſs gently diſper-'ſing itſelf from the Weſtern Pole, and giving way to the 'Dawn of the Eaſtern Light, that diffuſes its Beams by 'degrees, till it had diſpers'd all the Miſts and Clouds of the 'ſable Night into a clear and glorious Morning. Thus,

'by viewing this visible World, and observing how Nature undresses herself in the Habit of Silence, and represents the Image of Death; this tells me, that the whole Creation must die as well as Man, and be reduced to its primitive Nothing. I frequently furnish'd my Mind with Points still more sublime; for when I awake, and behold a bright and clear Morn, I am assur'd that Men, the Image of the Deity, will be called out of their separate Tombs and Sepulchres, and rise to a bright, or a gloomy Resurrection.'

Thus *Joshua* hath left to succeeding Ages, his Thoughts of the World's funeral Obsequies, and the Immortality of the Soul; the Virtuous to a State of Joy, and the Reverse to Agonies and Despair.

The

The PARABLE

Of ZACHARIAH *the Shepherd.*

AFTER I had attended *Joſhua*'s Funeral, and wrote his Elegy, I made a Viſit to *Zachariah*, as he was tending his Flock upon the Common. At firſt Sight I ſaw ſomething in his Aſpect, that beſpoke him both Wiſe and Divine. I ſat down, and asked him ſeveral Queſtions as to his way of living, and how he ſpent the many vacant Days by himſelf. Alas, Sir, ſays he, though I live in a Cottage, am mean in Apparel, fare and lodge hard; yet my God hath inſtructed me how to employ my leiſure Hours and vacant Minutes. I converſe with Bodies of a high Order; they enrich my Soul. There I view the viſible Beings to Perfection; the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, thoſe Luminaries ſtand one above another, and appear to me in beautiful Colours: Scenes that entertain my Mind on the Divine Energy. What, ſays he, can be more refin'd, than to ſurvey thoſe Lights that diſcover ſo many Beings ranged in a curious and regular Order? The Planets walk in their Brightneſs, and take their Progreſs appointed them: they never exceed their Bounds, but keep a fix'd, ſtated, and perpetual Motion.

I told the Shepherd, he argu'd as one inſpir'd. The Points he mention'd to me, had perfectly clear'd up what had occaſion'd many Diſputes and Controverſies amongſt the learned Aſtronomers; and yet even after many Generations that are paſt, they are ſtill as much in the Shades of Ignorance as ever. The Wiſeſt, in my Opinion, never diſcourſed more excellently upon theſe Subjects than he had done. The Images that you have drawn, ſays I, I conſider as nice Ideas, ſcarce to be found in any Hiſtory either in former or latter Times.

I told him, when I reflected on what he related of the heavenly Bodies, I queſtion'd whether the greateſt Capacity is capable of coming ſo near his Speculations on the Works of God. No ſooner had I thus deliver'd my Thoughts, but he went on with the Thread of his Diſcourſe. Says he, the Frame of the Creation is of ſuch vaſt Extent, and there are in it to appearance ſo many Worlds, that the Globe, in which we live, I take to be but as it were a

ſmall

ſmall Point, in Compariſon to all thoſe vaſt Territories. Only conſider what a Multitude of them we can obſerve with the naked Eye, beſides others by the Help of a Teleſcope; and yet what vaſt Numbers are there out of Sight, that riſe one above another, not to be viewed by any Inſtrument yet invented.

I told the Shepherd my Thoughts were, that every one of thoſe Worlds had its Bounds ſet; and that there was not the leaſt Object in the Firmament, but what was directed by an unerring Hand: which proves to me, that not one of thoſe high Orders were made for no Uſe, or ſtand as Cyphers. Such a Thought, in my Opinion, would eclipſe the Wiſdom of an Infinite Being, and charge him with creating Works for no End or Purpoſe whatſoever.

Says the Shepherd, I often loſe myſelf in the Variety of Beings that I behold even in this our little Globe; but how much more, when I look up and ſurvey what I ſee and can conceive in yonder ſtarry Regions. In this imperfect State we can never attain to the full Knowledge of things; for if we give a right Judgment in ſome Points, we are wrong in others. But theſe Miſts will be diſpers'd, and we ſhall come to a clearer and more extenſive Comprehenſion, when our corruptible Bodies are undreſs'd, and ſpiritually purify'd in the Morning of the Reſurrection. The Sphere in which we ſhall then move and act, will be of a much wider Circumference, and we ſhall know as the Angels that ſurround the celeſtial Throne. Thus far we already know, that all theſe things diſcover the Attributes and Power of God in this viſible Creation, and in thoſe Regions where God now dwells in Light inacceſſible.

I told the Shepherd, I thought the Creation, of which our Earth is a Part, is confin'd to certain Limits; but the Sphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, are not limited: for we can reach by Thoughts far beyond all created Beings, and even take a diſtant Look into the inviſible Orbs, whoſe Extent can never be meaſur'd, even by the Angels themſelves. Duration is a Space of Time, that look we ever ſo far back, we never can reach the Beginning of it, nor find a Period with all our Speculations. The Eſſence of Divine Exiſtence is of too wide a Nature to be meaſur'd by any created or uncreated Beings: Only the ſacred and holy Trinity in Unity is a Being, whoſe Center is every where, and its Circumference without Limits.

I told him, that ſhould all the immortal Spirits above traverſe for Millions and Millions of Ages, yet even they could

could never reach to the Immenſity of divine Power: And as for mortal Man, whoſe firſt Original is Duſt, he muſt never aſpire to ſpan the Length of Eternity.

Says the Shepherd, Since we are upon the Subject of created and uncreated Beings, at Times when my Flocks are folded in the Pens, I go out into the Road, and converſe with Travellers that have leiſure Hours to ſpare. The other Day one came to my Cottage; he entertained me with Variety of odd Subjects. Whether he had been in Company with Men, who converſe with inviſible Beings, or in an unbodied State, I know not. He was at that time on very abſtruſe Points, and ſeem'd eager to carry my Thoughts into the Center of the Chaos, before rude Matter was regulated. Which at firſt a little ſurpriz'd me; but when he began to diſpute ſo excellently upon the Original of the Creation, that he gave me very fine Thoughts of the Nature and Cauſe of perpetual Motion, I was much taken with his wonderful Genius. We enter'd into Debate of Diſcoveries too fine for Perſons, whoſe Senſes are only ſtruck with Deſcriptions of what is common. He named two of the beſt Judges we have in our publick Schools of Sciences, who can ſearch into human Secrets with ſuch Nicety, that there is a certain Sublimity of Soul which ſhines through all their Works, and beſpeaks them not only good Philoſophers, but even inſpir'd with all the curious Dictates of Divine Principles, ſuch as none but wiſe and thinking Men are capable of comprehending.

The Shepherd told me, this Conference with the Stranger made ſo deep an Impreſſion on his Mind, that he ſhut himſelf into his thatched Cottage the remaining Part of the Day, with an Intent to take no other Refreſhment than the Uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper, to minute down ſome particular Points; but an unuſual Drowſineſs ſeized him. I was forc'd, ſays the Shepherd, to lean back in my withy Chair, and allow myſelf a ſhort Repoſe: which was very much broken; for between ſleeping and waking, I fancy'd the Earth preſented herſelf to my View, dreſſed in all the gay Colours which ſhe wears in the Spring; and made a Motion, as if ſhe was deſirous to deliver ſomething of Moment to me. This ſtrange Viſion, or Trance, ſoon awak'd me, and put me upon writing down in Characters, ſome particular Notes by way of *Memorandum*; which I did with incredible Swiftneſs and Exactneſs. I had no ſooner finiſhed that Work, which did not take up ten Minutes, but I was again thrown into a ſort of an Amuſement or Slumber.

Slumber. I thought the ſame Apparition came a ſecond time, and ſeem'd to frown upon me, becauſe I took ſo little Notice of her, when ſhe had oblig'd me with a ſort of an unuſual Viſit, which ſhe had never yet made to any of her greateſt Favourites. Upon excuſing my Rudeneſs for running away ſo quickly, ſhe turn'd herſelf towards me, and in a very eloquent Stile gave me an Account of her firſt Original and Birth; of her being brought forth, about five thouſand ſeven hundred Years ago, in a moſt wonderful manner. She told me how ſhe was fram'd in the Womb of the rude and black Chaos, amidſt a Heap of Confuſion; and how ſhe came to break through the Bars of that dark Dungeon in which her ſcatter'd Particles were confin'd, and by what Means ſhe ſhot forth into a freſh Region; how her Parts were brought to their perfect Shape; how ſhe proceeded every Minute in her ſenſible Growth; how her Subſtance was receiv'd and diſtributed to every Quarter in her obſcure Priſon; how Fire, Earth, Air and Water were order'd to their ſeveral Stations with an agreeable Symetry; and how they placed themſelves in their diſtant Chambers, according to their reſpective Levity and Gravity; how ſtrict an Alliance was made between them; and how at laſt ſhe came to aſſume all her Light and Beauty.

I was not, ſaid ſhe, formed out of Atoms, or jumbled together with Confuſion. The Air, the Water, and the Earth were not ſpread all over the Chaos; one Part did not oppoſe another: the Cold and Heat, Moiſture and Drineſs, Lightneſs and Ponderoſity, did not ſtruggle one with another, in one and the ſame Body, all over the vaſt Extent of rude Matter. An inviſible Power made us all; and as ſoon as we were form'd, we did, like the eldeſt and youngeſt Brothers and Siſters, take the particular Places aſſign'd us, without the leaſt Controverſy or Jarring. She told me, that without the mutual Correſpondence of a different Sex, ſhe conceiv'd within her Bowels all living Creatures, and had ever ſince been very fruitful in bringing forth new Generations every Year. She ſaid ſhe had remain'd to this Day, under the Protection of her great Architect, without any ſenſible Decay in her Strength and Nature, though ſhe had undergone many Revolutions, and been often made to tremble with the Shocks of an unforeſeen Enemy, who ſteals unawares into the hollow Caverns of her marvellous Edifice. After ſhe had ended her Speech, ſhe vaniſh'd out of Sight; which brought me out of my Viſion, or Dream. By this time the Sun was ſet, the uſual Hour of my retiring

ring to rest. However, I looked over my Chapters that were left unfinish'd: But all that sort of Business was entirely laid aside. I was full of Plots and Schemes of a new Model; and led from one Scene of Variety to another, till I came to pry into a certain Abyss of Secrets, where there is one Miracle plac'd by another, and the least that reaches our Ideas is very considerable. Whilst I was taking a Survey of those Rarities, though they appear'd so very surprizing and intricate, yet I could not but look upon my self to be in the highest Circles of Reason, where the Laws of infinite Wisdom are conspicuous. When my Mind came off from those high Notions, I reflected, that it is no wonder there are so few Discourses extant, which treat of Myriads of Beings that hang within the Curtains of the Universe, when Men of the nicest Speculations confine themselves as Prisoners either to their Books, or the Town. Grave Antiquaries are seldom seen, in our Days, taking Draughts from the first original Copies; altho' every Piece is a little Library, fill'd with Variety of Treatises, and a small Repository crouded with admirable Rarities. Artificial Models only give an imperfect Resemblance of things in clouded Colours; but Collections pencil'd out by the Deity, describe the natural Beauty and Deformity of what they represent. In that great Volume of Nature we see several Cuts and Inscriptions in every Page very finely done, which afford Variety of Matter. I have looked into this large *Folio* after the Summer-Quarter has drawn a thin Veil over the Spring, and shut up in Obscurity Millions of pleasing Images; yet there remained ten thousand Pieces, each of which gave me a very pleasing Prospect. At other times, when I have been attending my Flock upon the Common, when the Winter had let drop her thick Sheet, and veil'd from the Eye the Harvest and the fruitful Season, I have been charm'd in looking even into that Apartment, shaded with Clouds and Mists; and tho' I thought not to spend three Moments, I have studied there the best Part of a Night before I could stir from thence. Books I think dead Letters to those fair Manuscripts; for every Root that lies buried in the Earth is a large Copy, that offers to the Thoughts curious Notions. A Stone, or a Pebble, is not without a distinguishing Mark from its nearest Neighbour. Each of them is compos'd of a finer or coarser Matter, of a more beautiful or deformed Shape, or something else that is particular; which either allows a Preface to be made, or gives an Epistle of its own Curiosity. Every trifling thing

is painted out in the ſtrongeſt and livelieſt Colours. There is no need of a Pencil to regiſter any of the Works of Providence: They are very perfectly done to our Hands. The Deſcriptions we ſee upon an Apple, or a Nut, afford us Subject of Diſcourſe as long as a Lawyer is in delivering a Plea. A Sloe, or a Haw, gives us a ſhort Hiſtory of its Growth, and the inevitable Danger it runs of being defaced and eaten up by the devouring Birds or Worms. What is imprinted on a Nettle, or a Daizy, is admirable; their Leaves are interwoven with fine Strings of different Size; and that Part which faces the Sky, is more ſmooth than the lower Side, which looks down towards the Earth. I had no ſooner ſtrengthen'd my Sight, ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote Spaces, to take another View of thoſe Scenes that diſplay diſtant Beings, but all my ſublime Speculations were daſh'd at once; Travellers came by, and enter'd into Diſcourſe with me. I told them the Prejudice they did me was irreparable, by coming at an Hour when I had juſt received ſuch new Ideas of things, as would have been Proof againſt Sword, Fire, Thunder, and the Injuries of Time; for I was forming in my Mind one of the faireſt Schemes in the Univerſe, which would have repreſented many great and ſmall Bodies moving in their natural Spheres. Nothing, ſaid I, was clearly or more intelligibly contriv'd: It would have been a Map for deſcribing what is pencill'd out in the minuteſt Particles, as well as in the largeſt Figures; but now I fear they will find it come forth an incoherent Piece, more frightful than the Chaos that the Earth told me ſhe was tumbled out of. For it is impoſſible to copy it out in its firſt original Luſtre, after ſuch an Interruption; as it would be ſurprizing and wonderful to ſee a Child, by running a Pencil upon a Piece of Paper according to his little Humour, draw a Picture of *Cæſar*, as good and as like as the beſt that ever *Michael Angelo* could do. The Travellers ſaid, they were ſorry that they had hinder'd me from immortalizing a Shepherd's Name, by utterly ruining the Beauty of his Models; yet they wanted to know when they receiv'd their Birth, ſo as they might ſee the rough Draughts that now lie hid in the Embryo, which I pleaded they had defac'd. After my Gueſts were gone, I laid myſelf down on my Flock-bed, much vexed at my Diſappointment; but with a ſtrong Impreſſion upon my Spirits, as to what I had been taking a Survey of. The bare Remembrance of the ſhort Leſſons I found wrote upon the Blades of Graſs, plung'd me again

into

into an Immenſity of deep Thoughts, about what was further to be obſerv'd in the moſt ordinary Manuſcripts of Nature: for the fine Draughts I had form'd in my Ideas were now entirely broke to pieces. Theſe Reflections threw me inſenſibly into a moſt unaccountable Revery, that cannot properly be called a Repoſe, or a Senſation. However it was, I fancy'd I was entertain'd with the following Diſcourſe, without ſeeing any Perſon ſtanding by me. When I got up in the Morning, it dwelt ſo ſtrong upon me, that I wrote down the Subſtance of it as perfectly, as my Memory was capable of retaining; and (if I am not miſtaken) theſe are the particular Sentences. If (ſaid he) you can be ſo tranſported, in gazing on every mean and trifling Object that appears plainly diſcover'd to you; how great would your Surprize be, if you were to know the curious Contextures of every Secret that lies hid in the deep Ocean, and is not in the Power of the Eye to model? And beſides, was you to behold thoſe Ranges of Myſteries which run through the Veins of the Earth, that all human Skill is by infinite Degrees too weak to find out. Not but what the things you have been admiring, afford Employment ſufficient to take up a whole Age. For the Fruits and Flowers which grow up every Year, are marvelous Pieces of Antiquity; the leaſt of them throws back a Door, and ſhews a Stage fill'd with fine Scenes. We who are the Inhabitants of the inviſible State have many things in your World perfectly ſet before us, which repreſent Magazines of Rarities. Others are kept from us as Secrets; and we can only perceive that they have a thouſand unknown Curioſities about them, which will lie conceal'd in their confin'd Apartments till the great Fall of Nature; when the Images drawn out in the Landskip of the Creation, which I ſhall at this time ſpeak nothing of, will no longer appear in Masks, tho' they now ſeem to be extraordinary Pieces. I was ſurpriz'd at this Speech, and ſtarted up to look if any body was talking to me at the Door of my Cottage; but I could ſee nothing, though the Sky was clear, and crouded with ſmall Lights: ſo that I found I was carry'd into thoſe Thoughts only by the Brightneſs of the Night, and the ſtrong Intenſiveneſs that lay impreſſed upon my Imagination.

The PARABLE *Of* MARY.

THE Day I viſited *Mary* was appointed as a ſolemn Faſt, to divert the Judgments of the Deity from bringing a Blaſt on the Fruits of the Earth by locking up the Water in the Clouds, and parching the Fields and the Gardens with an unuſual Drought. I found her ſeeking to God in Prayer, 'That he would be pleas'd of his infinite 'Mercy to ſend down Showers of refreſhing Rain in this 'needful Seaſon. O Jeſus, ſaid ſhe, the very Heavens 'now diſcover thy Wrath for our many and repeated 'Tranſgreſſions.'

I attended this Saint to the Houſe of Mourning, where an excellent Sermon was preach'd ſuitable to the Occaſion. Her Devotion was ſuch, that ſhe eat nothing till the Cloſe of the Evening; and then only a few boil'd Eggs. Her Converſation ſo delighted me, that I viſited her often. She refin'd my Thoughts, and ſtrengthen'd my Faith. The croſs Blows of Fortune had not in the leaſt chang'd or ruffl'd her Temper, nor diſcompos'd her ſerene Mind. Tho' young and beautiful, ſhe was the ſame as in the Days of Proſperity, Wiſe, Humble, Modeſt and Chaſte: theſe Qualifications were ingraſted in her. Her Virtues called to my Mind the Mother of Jeſus, worthy to be wrote in Letters of Gold, and plac'd in the Cloſets of the Youth of both Sexes to look upon, and imitate every Day; when they ariſe, when they dreſs, and when they retire to Sleep. Good Examples convey the Thoughts even into an endleſs Duration. *Mary* conſider'd that Period which is to come, and argu'd upon it like a Miſtreſs of Learning and Languages. When I awake, ſaid ſhe, at Midnight, I contemplate on that Eternity in which I am to live when momentary Time ſhall be expended. I view myſelf as having little more to do in this mortal State, but to prepare for my Change. I receiv'd a Beginning, but ſhall never find an End. In which State it will be, I know not: There is one fixed for the Reward of Virtue, and another allotted for Unbelievers and Deiſts.

I told *Mary* theſe were high Ideas; they pointed at thoſe Spheres to which we are all travelling, and drawing nearer

and nearer every Hour and Moment of Life: Our Motion thither never ſleeps nor ſlumbers.

Theſe Thoughts, ſays *Mary*, make me forget what is behind, and look to that which is before. Muſt not I be wiſe? Am not I to live Millions and Millions of Ages, Spaces that can never be meaſur'd, a Race of Time that can never run to an End?

I told her ſhe reaſon'd well; but what eclipſed our Virtues, and interrupted our Progreſs and Deſires after Immortality, are often owing to the Want of true Faith. The Thoughts of Death ſtrike Hope and Horror into the Soul: We ſhrink and draw back, when we come to the Brink; and yet the Pains and Miſeries we meet with here, are apt to make us wiſh for our Diſſolution. True Virtue longs for an Hereafter, and wants to enter upon that Duration.

We behold a Power above that is pleaſing, if we could but aſcend thither; yet when we conſider a boundleſs Ocean ſhadow'd with Clouds and Darkneſs to our Sight, we then draw back and tremble. O boundleſs Thought! In one State we muſt be Inhabitants. We are ſent into this naked World with an Intent of refining our Morals, to perfect us to inhabit thoſe Spaces, that will ever preſent to us new Springs of Light, Harmony and Glory.

Says *Mary*, I am tir'd in this weary Wilderneſs of fleeting Time: I want to be gone. I will venture to truſt my Soul with Jeſus. If it be loſt, it ſhall be within his everlaſting Arms. Haſte this bleſſed Time. I wait to paſs the Gulph, and care not to abide any longer here. Though I am young, yet I find Nature herſelf begins to decay. She hath paſs'd through many Generations, and muſt be diſſolved; but my immortal Soul will exiſt, when the World, this Globe of Earth, is cruſhed into its primitive and original Nothing.

From this Subject *Mary* went upon another. Says ſhe, I reflect that there is a great Similitude in the Motion of the Thoughts; and I think the Occaſion of Grief, as well as Joy, ſuddenly ariſes even unknown: for the Mind has not always an Opportunity to recollect its Force; ſo that the Eyes water with Tears, before we can really expreſs our Conceptions of the Objects repreſented to our View.

I told her, that her Sex was of a more tender and compaſſionate Nature than Man. They take in the Miſeries and Misfortunes of others with a deeper Senſe of Pity. It is Pain to a virtuous Woman to ſee Diſtreſs and Anguiſh lie in their View, and not capable of giving Relief. To behold

behold a melancholy Air, mean Apparel, and a worn Aſpect, attracts Sorrow from a tender Heart. Some Men, as well as Women, are naturally inclin'd to this Virtue, and act ſuitable to the Dignity of it. It is recorded, that there liv'd in the laſt Century a learned Author of refin'd and excellent Parts. He never publiſh'd any Treatiſes, but he diſcourſed in ſome one Chapter either upon Grief or Joy, or upon Humanity. I am of the Opinion, that it is as valuable a Virtue as can lodge in the Breaſt of a Chriſtian, or in a wiſe Man. For what great Mind can ſee his own Image in Sufferings, and not come into its Relief according to his Ability? Who can behold an Object naked and ſtarving, and not be touched with his Misfortunes? I wiſh this Compaſſion and Mercy were implanted in every Mind: Such a Sympathy beautifies the Affections.

Pity is an irreſiſtible Stroke of Eloquence; and whereever its Language is heard, the very Sound makes an Impreſſion upon a tender Heart.

It is to me an agreeable Scene, to ſee a Woman in Tears of Compaſſion. Once I ſaw a Female weep as if ſhe had loſt a Husband or a Child, only by obſerving Cruelty acted upon an Animal reduc'd to Extremity of Torture. That Sight ſtruck me with a deep Senſe of her Humanity: therefore I record her in this my Work, as an Example to be imitated even by Men of Reſolution and Bravery. I have read of Heroes endow'd with this Virtue of Sorrow upon gaining or loſing of a Battel. If a Victory has been gain'd, the very View of the Deſolation their Arms have made upon the innocent Subjects of a Tyrant hath drawn Tears from their Eyes. It is ſomething higher than what is common, when the Imagination is touched with an extenſive Benevolence, that breaks our Paſſions into Tears. At that Inſtant the Mind is poſſeſs'd with ſoft and eaſy Pleaſures, a Joy more divine than moral.

After this Conference with *Mary*, I retir'd to my Study; and took Pen, Ink, and Paper, to write how degenerate, and below the Dignity of an Author it is, to range Men in an high Order on Account only of their Riches or Honours, when at the ſame time they act below the meaneſt of their Species, and have neither Sorrow, Joy, nor Pity in them on any Account but their own contracted Intereſts. They never fetch a Sigh, or ſhed a Tear, tho' they ſee the Height of Barbarity and Injuſtice acted upon Men, or innocent Animals.

Supe-

Superiority ſhould be to thoſe who live to the wiſeſt Ends, and who aſſume no higher than their Virtues and Parts entitle them to. Human Life is not to be conſider'd, as to the Stations we are placed in, but in the Spheres wherein we act. We are not to enquire who is the World's Favourite, but who behaves himſelf in Actions that diſtinguiſh him from the common Level of Mortals.

The Scene that *Mary* acts in, raiſes her to a higher Station than an Empreſs diveſted of Wiſdom. The Order and Diſcipline of a Perſon is to be valu'd, not for his Rank and Station, not his Eminence or Superiority, but for his Virtues. A crown'd Head without good Acts ſtands but as a Figure. It is not Diſtinction and Fortune that raiſes our Merits, or ſeats us above others. If we would be noble, we muſt paſs through the Scenes of *Job*, *Solomon*, and *David*. In them were Humility, Wiſdom and Grandeur ſeen to move in their high Orders: Their Ideas moved in the unerring Way, and kept ſteady in that Courſe to the End of Life. Thoſe that are ambitious of Glory ſhould ſupport their Pretenſions by doing ſomething that is ſingular, and out of the common Level. Virtue has an Averſion to any thing that is mean and trifling, and not worthy the Notice of great Minds. To be converſant with the Licentious is a Blemiſh to our Characters, and takes away the Beauty that would otherwiſe appear conſpicuous in us.

Nothing graces a Man more, than to turn his Eye on the Divine Eſſence. Beyond that we cannot form a Wiſh. Our Notions of the Deity at beſt are dim, and too often ſullied with vain Thoughts. Men of weak Capacities are apt to diſpute future Exiſtence, and prefer preſent Enjoyments before thoſe that are unſeen. But when theſe Atheiſts, as I call them, ſtand upon the Borders of Eternity, they tremble in their laſt Moments: then all their impious Schemes are overturn'd, and they are loſt in the utmoſt Confuſion. I fear there are too many in this Age that wear Masks, and act their Parts in Diſguiſe. Happy if they had never been created, or could they at Death be excluded from riſing to a Reſurrection. I will here give an Example of a Favourite of all wiſe and good Men that convers'd with him. His Parts were ſingular, his Carriage and Demeanor exemplary, his Faith in Jeſus appear'd to be ſtrong and nervous; he conſtantly attended the Church, and made Reſponſes to every Article of the Creed: yet this Gentleman, when he came to die, declar'd he never believ'd in the Blood of Chriſt till that very Day. He always queſtion'd with himſelf,

ſelf, whether there was a God that rul'd in the Creation; but now, ſays he, in my laſt Moments, I am no Infidel in the Sacred Trinity. Thus it is when we can live no longer, and are in View of endleſs Miſeries, we then look back with Horror at our paſt Principles, and take a Proſpect of that infernal State of Miſery we are entering upon.

Wiſe and thinking Men have other Thoughts in their Youth and Proſperity: They furniſh their Minds with the Certainty of Futurity, and diſperſe thoſe Clouds and Miſts that others cannot ſee till Death opens their Eyes. What can I ſay of the latter but this, that in their Life-time they were only in a ſort of Dream or Sleep, a mere Trance and Deluſion?

Vain, learned Men, and pretended Virtuoſo's, may cenſure my Conduct, and charge me with Weakneſs of Thought, in preſenting *Joſhua*, *Zachariah*, and *Mary*, indigent Perſons, meanly deſcended, and deſtitute of acquired Parts, asking and anſwering ſuch Queſtions as if they were polite and ingenious Authors.

I reply, I have converſed with both Sexes, poſſeſs'd only of natural Parts, their Birth mean, and Circumſtances little above Want, yet their Ideas of Things have been very inſtructive to me; they have taught me how to act and perform my Duty to my God and to my Neighbour.

After I have learnt their Divine Leſſons, I have gone to the Wits Coffee-houſes, and other Places, the Reſort of ſelf-conceited Wits, in expectation to be further improved; there I ſat ſilent, as my general Way is in ſtrange Company, and liſtned to their Diſcourſe in Variety of Points and Matters: And what was the Reſult? Their Conferences made me wiſer than ever; I then came to the Knowledge of their vain Air and haughty Looks, their frequent Turns to view themſelves in the Glaſſes, and the many Viſits they made to their Snuff-boxes; the Formality uſed in almoſt every Word they ſpoke, and even in all their Motions and Behaviour gave me no Delight but Pain.

This I affirm for Truth; I have known ſome of theſe extolled Wits, that their principal Genius has conſiſted in little more than a round Set of Words and Diſcourſes, for when you have heard them twice or thrice you come to the Knowledge of all the Stock of Wiſdom they are in Poſſeſſion of; ſuch Virtuoſo's I compare to Parrots that are pleaſed to ſee themſelves admired and liſtned to, tho' they never repeat above one or two odd impertinent Stories learnt them by Heart.

It is not thus in the Schools of Divine Wiſdom, in which *Joſhua*, *Zachariah* and *Mary* receiv'd their Education and Diſcipline. The Original of their College was founded by the Deity in the Embryo of the World. Who can be better vers'd in the Science of Knowledge than an Heir of Heaven? What Mind can outreach the Chriſtian Heroe, whoſe Thoughts are center'd in holy Oracles? What Man can be ſtiled wiſe, that acts the Reverſe? Imperious Perſons in Purſuit of Pleaſure and Vanity, are but like a Kite in the Air, that wanders for a while near the Clouds, and is gazed at by Children and idle Spectators, and on a ſudden drops down to the Earth, and leaves no Traces behind it to be remember'd.

The Mind that is adorn'd with excellent Graces is daily in Converſe with his God: His Virtue and Example, tho' not recorded in profane Hiſtory, yet they are all regiſter'd in the Volumes of Duration, and will ſpring up and bloom in the Regions where infinite Wiſdom reigns, and where Praiſes are continually the Anthems and Songs, without any Sound of one jarring String in all the heavenly Voices and Inſtruments of Muſick.

F I N I S.

A COPY of the Manuſcript taken out of *Mary*'s Cloſet after her Deceaſe.

THE Hour, ſays ſhe, I awake in the Morning, I lay my natural Failings before God with Sighs and Tears, and pour out my Soul in Prayers, that no reigning Crimes inhabit within my Breaſt. In the Flower of Youth I never convers'd with Men of lewd Converſation. That Reſtraint extinguiſh'd vain Thoughts; otherwiſe I might have given up my Honour to Strangers, and ſacrific'd my Innocency. The Retreat from *Sodom* conquer'd unruly Paſſions, and kept my Virtues undefil'd.

What Words can be more excellent than theſe of *Mary* for Virgins in our Age to copy after. It puts me in mind of *Scipio*, who at four and twenty Years of Age obtain'd a great Victory, and a multitude of Priſoners of both Sexes, and all Conditions, fell into his Poſſeſſion; among others, an agreeable Virgin in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too ſenſible a Spirit, to ſee the moſt lovely of all Objects, without being moved with Paſſion; beſides which, there was no Obligation of Honour or Virtue to reſtrain his Deſires towards one, who was his by the Fortune of War: But a noble Indignation, and a ſudden Sorrow which appear'd in her Countenance, when the Conqueror caſt his Eyes upon her, raiſed his Curioſity to know her Story. He was inform'd that ſhe was a Lady of the higheſt Condition, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* ſoon placed himſelf in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to loſe ſo charming a Bride; and though a Youth, a Batchelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately reſolv'd to reſign all the Incitements of his Paſſion, and the Rights of his Power, and to reſtore her to her deſtin'd Husband. For this Purpoſe he commanded her Parents and Relations, as well as her Husband, to attend him at an appointed Time. Accordingly they met, and waiting for the General (my Author frames to himſelf the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a deſpairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the ſeveral Perſons who were ſo related to the Captive; but for fear of injuring the delicate Circumſtances with an

old Tranſlation) I ſhall proceed to tell you, that *Scipio* appears to them, and leads his Priſoner into their Preſence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) ſeemed to allow themſelves a little too much Triumph over the Conquer'd; therefore, as *Scipio* approach'd, they all threw themſelves on their Knees except the Lover of the Lady. But *Scipio* obſerving in him a manly Sullenneſs was the more inclin'd to favour him, and ſpoke to him in theſe Words:

'It is not the manner of the *Romans* to uſe all the Power 'they juſtly may. We fight not to ravage Countries, or 'break through the Ties of Humanity. I am acquainted 'with your Worth, and your Intereſt in this Lady. For-'tune has made me your Maſter; but I deſire to be your 'Friend. This is your Wife; take her, and may the 'Gods bleſs you with her. But far be it from *Scipio* to 'purchaſe a looſe and momentary Pleaſure, at the rate of 'making an honeſt Man unhappy.'

Indibilis's Heart was too full to make him any Anſwer; but he threw himſelf at the Feet of the General, and wept aloud. The captive Lady follow'd his Example; and they both remain'd ſo, till the Father burſt into the following Words: 'O divine *Scipio!* the Gods have given you more 'than human Virtue. O glorious Leader! O wondrous 'Youth! Does not that oblig'd Virgin give you, whilſt ſhe 'prays to the Gods for your Proſperity, and thinks you 'are ſent down from them, Raptures above all Tran-'ſports which you could have reaped from the Poſſeſſion 'of her Perſon.' The temperate *Scipio* anſwer'd him without much Emotion, and ſaying, Father, be a Friend to *Rome*, retir'd. An immenſe Sum was offer'd for her Ranſom; but he ſent it to her Husband, and ſmiling ſaid, This is a Trifle, after what I have given him already: but let *Indibilis* know, that Chaſtity at my Age is a much more difficult Virtue to practiſe than Generoſity.

Virgins pure in Thought retreat upon the first Temptation; at the second flee as an Arrow from the Snare; never return more to that Man, tho' they starve and die.

Chastity implanted in the Mind of either Sex, such Images of the Deity will not converse two Days in Company of any, who offer to crucify their Virtue by a lewd Word, or an immodest Embrace.

PAMELA'S Letters

Immodest Romances painted in Images of Virtue.

Masquerades in Disguise, that receiv'd Birth now Vice reigns in Triumph, and swells in Streams even to a Deluge.

BOOKS are Schools that beautify or stain the Soul. Authors may be compar'd to Painters, who draw Representations according to their Fancy, or what they think tend most to their Gain.

A Lady of strict Piety sent two Volumes to me for my Perusal. I survey'd the Work. It is entitl'd, *Pamela*, or *Virtue rewarded*. There are presented two different Scenes, a chaste and beautiful Maid, and a lewd Rake. The Preface, and the Epistles directed to the Editor in Commendation of those Volumes, at first Sight gave me pleasing Ideas of finding Lessons of Education for Youth. I had not gone through two Sheets, before I perceiv'd myself, as it were, convey'd within the Circles of Lewdness; nay, even in Bed-chambers frequented by Women as charming as Nuns, in Company with wild Rakes. This is a true Resemblance of modest *Pamela*, and her wanton Master. What can these Representations be called, but Romances to corrupt the Morals of the Age? *Pamela* is dress'd in Airs, that cannot but raise vain Desires even in Men as chaste as *Joseph* when tempted by his Mistress. All the Images are

so

so very natural that way, that were they to be acted in a Play, there would not want a crouded Audience of vicious Men and Women to excite their Passions to wicked Actions.

As I am a Christian, and believe that I must account for every Act of Life, I dare not repeat some Expressions often mention'd in *Pamela*'s Letters. To read them, Virtue cannot but blush. What is more indecent than the Passages in the Summer-house, in Mrs. *Jarvis*'s Apartment, and at Night in *Pamela*'s Chamber when she was undress'd, and her Master in the Room with the Servant-Maid's Cloaths on, and her Apron over his Face; as also that immodest Passage of their being both in the naked Bed together? These Scenes are Paradoxes to me, to be printed and called *Virtue rewarded*. Good God! Can amorous Embraces delineated in these Images, tend to inculcate Religion in the Minds of Youth, when the Blood is hot, and runs quick in every Vein? Are these Lights to direct the Soul to a crucify'd Jesus? Are they Pictures to extinguish Vice, and restrain the Wickedness of the Times? Will such Representations divert Men of Pleasure from looking on beautiful Women? Can immodest Intrigues divert lewd Thoughts, and bring off with Honour vicious Minds? Can a Man, expressing licentious Speeches in Converse with a Maid not yet deflower'd, reform the Age, or inspire Ideas in the Mind worthy of Example? Will not the Sight of such Instances rather increase Emulation, than any ways allay it, either in modest Virgins, chaste Brides, or obliging Wives?

Had I a Train of Sons and Daughters, and as numerous a Company of Servants as King *Solomon*, not one of them, by my Consent, should read such Romances of unchaste Love. What tho' some of *Pamela*'s Letters give Hints that may be imitated, does not the Poison contain'd in others destroy all, and give Birth to loose and wandering Imaginations? There are in those Epistles so many Salutes and Embraces, both in publick and private, as *Pamela* herself tells the Story, which are not to be vindicated by Truth or Reason.

The Editor tells you, the Original of those Epistles are founded upon Truth: If so, they are no Embellishment to be recorded or read either by Youth, or Persons of riper Years. Can the Editor, with all his Eloquence, prevail with wise and serious Men, to suffer their Sons and Daughters

ters to learn those Lessons, as Guides to direct them in the Practice of what is commendable in Life.

My Answer to the Editor is this, I here lay it down as a Maxim to the present and after Generations, That sedate Reflections, secluded from every Temptation, directs the running Springs of unruly Youths, and brings home their wandring Thoughts to God. Pure Virgins keep their Innocency undefil'd; they never converse with lewd Rakes. At the first Assault upon their Virtue they retreat, by which means they gain a Conquest, and put the Tempter into Confusion; their Flight allays the Heat in the Breast of the guilty Pursuer, as Water quenches the Flame.

That Maid who holds a Parley with a vicious Man a second time, and suffers herself to be immodestly embrac'd, I censure her Chastity: She may be compar'd to one of the fair Apples of *Sodom*, beautiful for the Eye to behold, but Stains and Rottenness within.

True Virtue sets a Guard over all Attempts, where-ever there is any Fear of Danger. Virgins pure in Mind and Thought, when they retire to Rest at Night, and have the least Apprehension of a Design against them, never undress till every Avenue in the Room is searched, and the Doors safely secur'd. Admit that an innocent Virgin is for once betray'd by a treacherous *Judas*, she will never sleep another Night in that Habitation, but be gone, and hide herself in any hollow Cave, and there perish with Nakedness and Hunger, rather than run the risk of losing any one of her Virtues. This is Innocency in the Abstract; the Reverse is Cheat and Delusion, and deserves no other Title but *Iniquity rewarded.*

To keep Innocency, Virgins should conceal themselves, and not speak to Men of evil Conversation. I will give an Instance of one who sacrific'd her Honour in Thought, tho' not in Act. This Virgin always maintain'd in her Discourses, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion: But in a few Days she fell; for coming into a mix'd Company, she got acquainted with a Gentleman, and made Offers of an unchaste Love. A Complaint being made to her Parents, that she acted the Part of *Joseph*'s Mistress, her Intrigues had no Effect. Then she thought of making use of other Means to accomplish her Desires. Upon this her Father, with a Divine, sent for her, and in a gentle Manner represented her Faults, and put her in mind of her former Speeches upon the Subject of Chastity. She fell upon her Knees, and burst out into

into Tears. O Jesus, my Shame, my Dishonour is now discover'd: I have betray'd my Virtues: It fills my Soul with Agonies of Despair. Then a fresh Flood distill'd from her Eyes, and she express'd herself in the Language of a Person, whose Case was much the same with hers. Says she, I am convinc'd that I have two Souls: Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls; when the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forc'd to do evil. All I can say of my self at present is, that I find my good Soul encourag'd by your Presence and Advice.

I know not whether Divines will agree with these Expressions of the Virgin of having two Souls; but though it doth not square with Divinity, yet I am sure the Expressions are beautiful: there is something uncommon contain'd in the Words, and what must make an Impression upon the Mind, when we reflect a little upon this excellent Strain of Philosophy, or ever enter upon any Act either of Virtue or Vice.

The Copy of a LETTER sent by a Divine of the Church of *England* to the Author of the Sheets, entitl'd, *The Virgin in Eden.*

SIR,

I Have taken Delight in perusing your State of Innocency sent me in Manuscript, in order to know my Opinion of it before you put the Copy to the Press. As you did not restrain me, I entrusted several of my Acquaintance with the said Manuscript to read over in their Studies, that you might have their Sentiments also upon your Labours. Your Pilgrim's Progress from *Sodom* to *Canaan*, I call divine Lessons. Wearisome Days and awakening Nights were your Repast for Weeks and Months, in compiling that Journey through a Vale of Tears to the promised Haven of Rest. Had

Had a Body of learned Men met in Council, and drawn up such a Piece, the Work could not well exceed yours in lively Ideas, nor in a Language more pleasing to read, and agreeable to sacred Record. Your Arguments cannot but insensibly instil virtuous Principles in the Minds even of Deists and Atheists.

The Emblems of *Felix* the Student and the Virgin are such natural Instances, that I cannot in my Thoughts but wish to be travelling with that Train, and conversing with them in Gardens, Wildernesses, and shady Groves. The Conferences and Speeches in those solitary Retreats, on their way to *Abraham*'s House, cannot but subdue unruly Passions, and gain Proselytes to the Practice of our holy and pure Religion: Rules and Precepts to guide the Sons and Daughters of crown'd Heads in their Duty to God, and their royal Parents Examples, which I shall ever retain in my View.

The Parable of the *Shepherd*, *Joshua* and *Mary* are Instructions for all that move in low Spheres, to act and steer by in their Way to the Grave. Even *Jews*, *Turks* and *Pagans* may be prevail'd upon to travel with those righteous *Lots*. If Images of Humility, Meekness and Chastity are Embellishments, those Parables present them in such Lights, as are Examples for Emperors and Queens to let their Diadems and Sceptres fall to the Earth, and live in Contempt of Pomp and Grandeur.

Pamela's Letters tend more to corrupt the Morals, than refine the Mind with virtuous Ideas. Your Emblems are Streams of Purity to swim in, distant from the raging Waves of Iniquity, that now swell in Eddies even to drown the Race of Man in Licentiousness.

The present Generation now sacrifices their Ambition to Vanity and Pleasure. And how should it be otherwise, when Volumes are publish'd, entitl'd, *Virtue rewarded*, that have little more in them than Arts to inflame the Passions to Vice?

The Virgin in *Eden* restrains Extravagancy, and sets a Guard over her Virtues. She is not seen once in lewd Conversation. She retreats from *Sodom*; and in her whole Journey to *Canaan* gives Examples divested of every Appearance of Evil: Her Practice never fails to put Wickedness under Disgrace.

Your affectionate Friend in Christ.

Child's Coffee-House,
St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, *August* 3. 1741.

The Copy of a LETTER sent to the Author from a Diſſenting Miniſter.

SIR,

A Clergyman favour'd me with your Manuſcript. There are beautiful Thoughts of God, and Contempt of the World. The Ideas run out of the common way of thinking, and cannot but be of Uſe to this and After-ages. The Virgin in *Eden* is repreſented as a Lamp to light our Youth into the Paths of Virtue, to annihilate vicious Habits, and to bring Lewdneſs into Diſgrace. The State of Innocency is ſo ſolemn, and the Journey to *Abraham*'s Houſe ſo extremely pleaſant, that it may even perſuade Miſers to throw away their Bags of Droſs, and turn Strangers to the World. Divines may learn from the Virgin's Leſſons, Lectures of Mortification, to allay their Ambition after Church-Preferments, in order to ſit in *Peter*'s Chair of State. What Inſtances may not be abſtracted from this Chriſtian's Progreſs? They ſerve to take off wandring Thoughts from momentary Shadows. You may plead from theſe your Studies, a Bleſſing to attend the Work in both Worlds. Every Hour ſpent in compoſing theſe Scenes will meet with a Reward. Tho' you cannot bear with Approbation this publick Praiſe of your Works, yet I had rather you ſhould bluſh, than the Lines ſhould eſcape the publick View. What I ſay may reſtrain wild Offenders, and bring home their wandring Thoughts.

I am your ſincere Friend.

Hamlin's Coffee-houſe,
Royal Exchange,
Auguſt 6. 1741.

A Copy of the LETTER directed to the Author from a Speaker amongſt the People call'd *Quakers*.

Friend,

I Am the Father of ten Sons and Daughters. Thy Manuſcript wherein thou ſetteſt forth *Pamela*'s Letters immodeſt Romances, thou ſayeſt well: they are profane Leſſons, and ſhall not dwell in my Houſe. My Daughters Education I leave to their Mother's Management. Laſt Week, amongſt an Aſſembly of our People, ſhe gave Inſtructions to the Eldeſt, a Maid of fifteen. She told her there was nothing corrupted the Morals ſo much, as reading the Intrigues of Rakes, or admitting for Suitors the pretended Wits of the Times: their Converſation ſerved only to fill the Mind with ſtrange Amuſements, to inſpire it with what is vain and trifling. She went on a great way further in this Counſel, but broke off ſeveral times in giving notable Examples of her Diſpleaſure. She order'd a Collection of her Daughter's Epiſtles to be publickly read; and ſaid, every Fop that had the leaſt Reaſon, could jumble together well enough an amorons Set of Words to heighten the Paſſions into Flames of Impurity; but there is ſcarce one in a thouſand, who can compoſe a Letter about a chaſte Love anſwering the right Ends of Marriage. Then ſhe ſtopp'd, and with the graveſt Air imaginable committed the whole Bundle to the Fire; and went on, ſaying, ſhe thought thoſe wanton Copies were more fit to be burnt, than kept as Relicks in her Childrens Cloſets. Upon this ſome of the young Company fell into a little Diſorder, and would have turn'd Reformers, had they not been timely ſuppreſs'd by the grave Dons and Matrons then preſent, who ſaw the Deſtruction of thoſe vile Manuſcripts. But ſhe continu'd to go forward with her Work: For, as at Plays, between the Acts ſhe added to the Pile ſome Fragments of Verſes borrow'd from licentious Authors, and proceeded again in her Inſtructions before thoſe Relicks were all reduc'd to Aſhes. She crown'd the few Remains with ſeveral ſmall Tracts taken out of her Daughter's Chamber, which ſhe call'd the Intrigues of Night-Meetings, Maſquerades, and Dancings. Her Sons, who had ſtood

ſtood neuter all the time, ſeem'd to be ſurpriz'd at this new way of chaſtiſing Children: But I found it ſent the Parents away full of pleaſing Images; nay, ſome of the Youths then preſent ſaid, they receiv'd from this an Idea and Proſpect of what they had learnt in the Schools of Knowledge in which they were educated. By this I ſaw, that good Examples keep the Spirits from languiſhing, and fill the Imagination with the beautiful Scenes of Heaven, of Felicity and Pleaſure. All which gives a perfect Deſcription of every thing that is commendable.

Directed to thee from our Meeting-
Aug. 9. 1741. *Houſe*, Devonſhire-ſquare.

The reading this Letter brought to my Remembrance what I once ſaw in *Gray's-Inn* Walks: As a Gentleman was walking there, he eſpy'd his pretty Daughter, as he call'd her, in Company which he did not very well like. This added ſuch Perplexity to him, that he was reſolved, ſince his private Cenſure made no Impreſſion upon her, he would proceed to publick Remedies: a Province which Parents, he ſaid, claim as their Right. I return'd the Gentleman this Anſwer: Sir, ſaid I, every Parent knows not this Method of correcting by way of amendment; for there muſt be a critical Nicety obſerved, both as to Wit and Judgment, to find out the Temper of a Son or a Daughter, and to diſtinguiſh between the different Nature of their Paſſions, between the firſt Motions of Impudence, and thoſe of ſincere Modeſty. Every common Parent cannot judge in theſe Caſes. What brings one Genius to Reaſon, may drive another to Diſtraction. The bare diſcovering of the Conſtitutions of thoſe who are under our Care, is not enough neither, without a particular Application, to know how far we ought to carry our Reſentments, and how often they are to be repeated. Beſides, the Time of Puniſhment is likewiſe to be taken notice of, as well as the Severity to be inflicted: for a Crime may be much more augmented, when we take the Offender in the very Act, than when the Fault is of a paſt Date. In ſhort, there muſt be Threatnings maintain'd on the one hand, and at the ſame time Promiſes on the other. And all this muſt be order'd with a wiſe Conduct, or elſe we deſtroy our own Reputation, and run the hazard of ruining the Characters of thoſe we pretend to inſtruct.

A Copy of the LETTER deliver'd to the Author by a young Nobleman.

SIR,

THE Countess my Mother commanded me to read your Manuscript; which I have done. The Virgin in *Eden* are divine Instructions to me: Her Example shall be my Meditation till Death. I now distinguish between *Pamela*'s Letters, and her Life. She represents Innocency in its native Dress: the Editor teaches more Lewdness than Chastity. Her Conversation renders Love inoffensive, strong and lasting her Lessons, corrects vain Amours; *Pamela*'s Epistles are licentious Scenes. Your Virgin implants in the Soul what is noble and commendable. The Parables of the *Shepherd*, *Joshua*, and *Mary*, sacrifice Vice, and make Purity agreeable even in the View of the most Licentious and Vicious. They keep Virtue in Countenance, and restrains Youth from perishing under violent Temptations. Their holy Living is worthy the Imitation of the Sons and Daughters of noble Families. Should we their Issue act according to those Models, After-Generations would rise and call us blessed. The very Name of the State of Innocency may put lewd Livers to Shame, and make the Licentious in love with what is truly commendable. Images of Virtue put a Restraint upon its Enemy, and drive their wandring Thoughts to a kind of Despair. The Conferences of the Converts describe what is, and what is not, the Reward of Virtue. Such Examples must subdue unruly Passions, and prevail with both Sexes to live the primitive Life, rather than swim in Pomp and Grandeur. Who can read your Essay, and act contrary to the Virgin in *Eden*? *Pamela*'s Romances cannot but defile the Thoughts even in advanced Years; and how much more in Youth? Images of Virtue and Lewdness painted in one Picture, can never sacrifice Vice, nor convert the Prodigal. I now labour to enter into the State of Innocency, and for the future will never ensnare my Mind with ungovernable Appetites. I see Self-denial repulses Thoughts of Obscenity, and sets a Guard over our Actions. The oftner I read your Work, but especially the divine Conferences of *Felix* the Student and the Virgin; of the Elements,

ments, the Earth, the Sea and the Air, that will awake and execute Wrath upon *Sodom* unleſs ſhe repents; thoſe Inſtances ſubdue my Paſſions, and obtain a Victory over every thing that lays ſiege to my Virtues: to retreat from Snares are exemplary. The Virgin in *Eden* enters not in Converſe with gay Youths. Where there are no Temptations, there is the leſs Danger. The Preſence of Vice ſtrikes the Breaſt with deſtructive Darts, and ſets the Springs of Licentiouſneſs floating. I know by Experience, that ſecret Intrigues ſcarce ever fail to gain a Conqueſt over the Innocent. Undefiled Virtue never treats with Vice: ſhe immediately takes Wing, as a timorous Lark purſued by the devouring Hawk. *Pamela*, had ſhe been as chaſte as repreſented, would have run to her Father's Cottage, as to an Ark of Security. Chaſte Virgins never parly twice with wanton Rakes. The Editor's Works are only Scenes varniſh'd with Deluſion, profane Stories, idle Hiſtories, deſtructive to the Minds and Morals of the Age. Theſe are my Thoughts on your Eſſay on the State of Innocency, and the Editor's Volumes.

I am your Convert.

Lincoln's-Inn,
Aug. 1. 1741.

A Copy of the LETTER directed to the Author by a young Lady.

SIR,

MY Parents commanded me, and my eldeſt Brother, to read your Manuſcript. The Ideas have made deep Impreſſions upon my Mind. The very Deſcription of the Virgin's Journey from *Sodom* to *Canaan* hath weaned my Affections from the empty Pageantry I ſee every Day, in my Viſits and Converſation. That modern Pilgrim, the Virgin's Scene of Life, ſhall adviſe me in every original Virtue. Her Inſtructions are Examples for our Sex to copy after. Her Sayings keep me awake till Midnight; and in the Morn my firſt Thoughts are travelling with her to *Canaan*, that I may hear the Halelujahs and Hymns ſhe is now entertained with in that Choir in *Abraham*'s Houſe. I

am

am even certain, that the Branches of the Royal Family will read her State of Innocency. Each of those Princes shall be presented with Copies deliver'd from my own Hand. I shall let them know the Work is to me more than all the Strokes of Eloquence. *Pamela*'s Epistles I compare to the Moon in Eclipse, and the Virgin in *Eden* to the Sun at its Meridian Height. Her Virtues are all clear Day without one Cloud or Evening Twilight. The Editor's Works are dressed in various Scenes. In one Page are Images of Lewdness; in another Representations of Virtue; and in a third he introduces Wantonness and Modesty acting together in secret, that which any of our Sex may blush to think of, much more to name. Thus the Editor goes on: Virtue gives a word of Resistance, then Vice doubles the Attack, and expects nothing less than taking the Fort by Storm. What can put Innocency more in danger, and throw Virtue into Despair? Sir, pray publish your Manuscript without any Amendment; in particular, that of the divine Conference of *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin; of the Elements, the Earth, the Sea and the Air, that will awake and execute Wrath upon the *Sodom*. Every Article is founded on the Basis of holy Writ. Every Age may paint after the Virgin's State of Innocency. There are no Allurements to defile the Morals of either Sex. Those Ideas have instilled in me good Thoughts, and banished bad Desires. Emblems that will survive my Funeral, and live till Time shall be no more. Could I have my Wish, every Page should be engraven on Tables of Marble in all Cathedrals and Churches, which would be more affecting to read than funeral Orations. The Times call for such Lessons to be recorded in our Temples, and Places of divine Worship. Sir, pray insert these my Thoughts in your Treatises; they may be agreeable to After-Generations, and even prevail with some to take a Journey from *Sodom* to *Canaan*. By this the Treatises may be extended over the Christian World, and reach the *Turks*, *Heathens*, and *Pagan* Nations, that those Unbelievers may receive perfect Representations of the *Elizian* Fields; not flowery Meadows, such as they fancy, for the Enjoyment of beautiful Women; but Groves and Gardens, with holy Men, and with chaste Virgins, and accompany them to the Regions that are beyond our Sight.

O that I could for ever live with such Saints in Palaces enlighten'd with Morning Stars, and join with them in Hallelu-

Hallelujahs for ever, the Church triumphant, in endless Glory.

I am with Regard,

St. James's-Square,
Aug. 3. 1741. *Yours*, &c.

Manuscripts directed to *Sodom*.

Signed by *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin.

Deliver'd by way of Image and Description.

PRESENTING,

THAT in thirty Days after the Pilgrims Arrival at *Abraham*'s House in *Canaan*, they agreed in a Conference to send Memorials to the Town of their Nativity. The Virgin in *Eden* opens the Scene with the underwritten Dedication.

DEDICATION.

Tho' it be unusual for Maids, in the Bloom of Youth, to write divine Lectures; yet, as the Work comes from a Pilgrim, now a Stranger to *Sodom*, her Lessons may be esteemed beyond Flowers of Eloquence.

Solitude and Silence have given me just Thoughts of God, his Essence and divine Attributes. I find it a secret Pleasure to hide in Groves, and walk in Shades: there I am delighted with the Springs that run in Streams down the Hills to their appointed Centre. These Objects take off my Mind from Shew and Pageantry.

But in this I fear I offend by my comparing an earthly *Canaan* to the heavenly *Jerusalem*. In the Morning it is sweet to hear the airy Inhabitants break out into one Chorus of Praises to their sovereign Creator. The Sound to me is so melodious, that at that time I even wish to live always: then I am not for returning to my original Dust. The going through the Alley of Death is a melancholy Scene to the very innocent and chaste. At our last Agonies the

the Soul is apt to ſtart back, occaſion'd by the innate Corruption of Nature.

What I glory in is this: Before I left *Sodom*, and proceeded on my Progreſs to *Canaan*, with Sighs and Tears I intreated my Neighbours to go with me to *Abraham*'s Houſe, the only Situation of Peace and Silence on this Side Eternity. Vanity, Pride and Ambition reign in *Sodom*: She floats in momentary Pleaſures. Emulation rages there as Billows in the Sea. They riſe as Storms that preſage Wrecks; Floods to drown her Inhabitants. She ſleeps, and ſees not her Danger; but cries, *Peace*, *Peace*. In *Canaan* the Voice is, *Wrath*, *Wrath*, unleſs ſhe awakes and remembers.

At this Day I view *Sodom* as in a diſtracted Viſion veiled in Darkneſs, but ſhe will not believe it. She is as *Eve* in the Garden of *Eden* betrayed by the ſubtil Serpent: for whiſper to her to conſider, ſhe regards it not. Her Image is as the Portraiture of Deſtruction; a Widow that has loſt her Senſes, and will not be prevailed upon to aſſume the Aſpect ſhe bore in her Virgin State.

In *Canaan* we retain Reaſon; go into the Fields and Vineyards to behold the Vines flouriſh, and bear Grapes. *Sodom* engenders wanton Idleneſs, and fancies herſelf amiable. This is the Delirium ſhe labours under; ſhe fancies herſelf to be as fair as the Roſes, and like the Lillies in the Valleys, tho' there is nothing but Loathſomneſs and Weeds to be found in her Garden.

The

The VIRGIN's Epiſtle, writ in *Canaan*, directed to her Brother in *Sodom*.

Dear Brother,

YOU tell me of the Proſperity you enjoy; provided it be crowned with Virtue, that is more valuable than all other Poſſeſſions. What are the Affluences of Life ſeparated from true Piety? Riches are but Shadows, ſoon vaniſhed and gone. Convey your Thoughts to *Canaan*. Offer Sacrifices to Jeſus: Keep to divine Duties. If we part with them, we crucify our Faith; the End centers in Anxiety. The Breach of divine Precepts is the way to Miſery. We then bewilder ourſelves in winding and intricate Mazes: We are loſt in Confuſion, and exil'd from divine Providence. The State of Guilt puts the Mind in Pain, but ſerious Reflections give the View of Happineſs. What makes the laſt End of Man terrible, the looking back upon paſt Actions. *Sodom*, in which you inhabit, is a City of Calamity. The Great and Powerful feel the Anguiſh of Envy and Ambition: The Poor and Needy meet with croſs Blows of Fortune. Rocks lie in the way to ſhipwreck the Soul. Make your Retreat to *Canaan*, the Port of Happineſs on this Side the Grave. In this Courſe there are no Quickſands, no Precipices, no Dangers nor Eddies to ſink you in endleſs Miſeries.

I remain your dear Siſter.

From *Abraham*'s Houſe
in *Canaan*.

The Copy of a LETTER writ in *Sodom* by the Virgin's Siſter, directed to *Abraham*'s Houſe in *Canaan*.

Dear Siſter,

I Live in full Poſſeſſion of Plenty, and inhabit in a ſtately Pile; but ever ſince you went on your Progreſs, I paſs my Days in Sorrow, and am as a Stranger in the

World. When I awake in the Night, I guſh out in Showers of Tears, becauſe I went not with you to *Canaan* to be inſtructed in divine Principles. I am now reſtrained, and cannot come to you, being enter'd into a Marriage State. When I was a Virgin, I thought to enjoy a thouſand Satisfactions in Converſation of a Man. Now thoſe Ideas are vaniſhed. I am as a Bond-Slave chained to a Galley, conſtrained to ſpend my Days in Converſe with my Spouſe's Concubines: If I caſt a Frown towards any of them, I am ſure to receive private Reſentment. The only Entertainment I have, is to look upon your Picture in my Parlour. But that pleaſing Image ſoon diſappears, as knowing it is not the real Preſence. It is a melancholy reflection to me to think, that we live as in ſeparate Iſlands. I am like *Adam* alone in the Garden before *Eve* received a Being. I have neither the Company nor Converſation of my Spouſe Day or Night, but when he is intoxicated with Wine, or ſatiated his Deſires with his Courtezans. Theſe Scenes I paſs thro'gh in the Tents of *Sodom*, now in the Bloom of Youth. O that I had kept myſelf a Maid, turned Pilgrim, and gone to *Abraham*'s Houſe, to ſing divine Hymns in that Temple of Saints. Let Virgins lay this Epiſtle before their Admirers, to let them know how falſe they are. Let married Women alſo read this Leſſon, as often as their Conſorts break through the Vows and Proteſtations of that Love and Kindneſs they made before the ceremonial Knot was tied. This may be of Service to our Sex in the City of *Sodom* crowded with treacherous Men, whoſe Emulations wander after lewd and licentious Harlots, with Hatred in the Heart to their Conſorts, though ever ſo virtuous, beautiful, chaſte, and innocent.

I remain your ſorrowful Siſter in Tears, now in Sodom.

Manu-

Manuſcripts directed from *Canaan* to the City of *Sodom.*

Signed by *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin at *Abraham*'s Houſe.

PRESENT,

The Deſcendants of *Moſes*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apoſtles, and the Evangeliſts.

FELIX open'd the Aſſembly: Says he, the Element, the Earth, the Sea, the Air, will awake and execute divine Wrath. I look upon *Sodom* as an Iſland ripe for Deſtruction: not one bright Star to be ſeen in her Hemiſphere. She is to be viewed as *Noah* did the old World, threatned with Deſtruction: the Clouds ſeem to gather every-where. O that the wiſer Inhabitants would prepare for themſelves an Ark of Safety to flee to, at the breaking in of the Deluge. At this Speech the Virgin roſe up; ſays ſhe, ever ſince my Arrival in *Canaan*, I weep in ſecret for the Sins of *Sodom*. My Eyes diſtil Tears, and run down as Showers, when I think of her now in Captivity. Then the Student ſpoke in the Language of *David* the Royal Prophet; ſaid he, *My Fleſh trembles, and I am afraid of God's Judgments*, leſt the Arm of his Vengeance ſhould deſtroy the Iſland of my Birth. O whither ſhall the Miſerably fly when the Inundation comes, and all periſh, either in Floods of Water, Streams of Blood, or Flames of Fire. O that Nature may not fall into Convulſions, as ſhe did in former Ages, to execute divine Wrath upon Kingdoms and States for their Blaſphemies and Infidelities. Says the Virgin, I will deliver ſome Inſtances out of Records. In the Year One thouſand four hundred and fifty-ſix, upon the fifth of *December*, three Hours before Day, the whole Kingdom of *Naples* trembled with that Violence, that ſome entire Towns were buried in the Earth, and great Part of many others overthrown; in which fifty-four thouſand Perſons, Part ſwallowed by the Earth, and Part oppreſſed by the Ruins of Buildings. O Jeſus, what Security can *Sodom*

then look for, when she is not secure of the Earth she is founded upon? What Firmness can there be, when the only firm Thing is unstable? From whence may not Death assault, if it springs from under our Feet?

Felix answer'd, It is not much if the Earthquake of a whole Kingdom cause so great a Ruin, since it hath done the same in one City. The Night in which *Mauritius* the Emperor was married, three Hours after Sun-set, the City of *Antioch* quaked in that manner, that most of the Buildings were overthrown, and sixty thousand Corpses remained buried in her Ruins.

The Student reply'd, That in the Time of *Tiberius* twelve of the most principal Cities of *Asia* were overthrown and sunk in the Earth. And yet more cruel was that in the Time of the Emperor *Theodosius*, which lasted for six Months without Intermission; and was so universal, that almost the whole Circuit of Nature trembled, extending to the *Chersonesus*, *Alexandria*, *Bythinia*, *Antioch*, *Hellespont*, the two *Phrygia's*, the greatest Part of the East, and many Nations of the West.

Since we are upon these Subjects, says *Felix*, I will mention the Fury of the Sea against those who were far distant from the Rage of its Waves, and thought themselves secure in their own Houses. Soon after the Death of the Emperor *Julian*, wherein not only the Earth trembled, but the Ocean pass'd over its Limits, as in a second *Noah's* Deluge, to involve the Frame of Nature, as in the first Chaos. Ships floated in *Alexandria* above the loftiest Buildings and Hills: then she returned to her own Channel. But in this Inundation many Vessels remained upon Mountains and Rocks.

Here the Student deliver'd himself as an Oracle; says he, I have read the Records of most Nations in their native Language. In the Days of *Procopius* the Tyrant, the twenty-first of *July*, the Year wherein *Valentinian* was first time Consul with his Brother, the Elements throughout the whole Compass of the Globe suddenly fell into such Distempers, as neither true Stories have ever mentioned, nor false feigned. A little before Break of Day, the Elements being first overcast with a dark Tempest, intermixed with frequent Thunder and Flashes of Lightning. The whole Body of Nature moved; and the Sea being violently driven back, retir'd in such manner, as the most hidden Bottom of it was discover'd, so as many known sorts of Fishes were seen stretched out upon the Mud. Those vast

Profun-

Profundities beholding then the Sun, whom Nature from the Beginning of the World had hid under ſo immenſe a Maſs of Waters, many Ships remained upon the Ouſe, or floating in ſmall Gullets.

The Virgin, in the Words of a moral Heathen, ſaid, Our Gods are angry; the Sun, the Moon and the Stars fight againſt Kingdoms and States for their Offences. What Judgments leſs than theſe can *Sodom* expect, they threaten'd her Temples with Deſtruction. Says the Virgin, Nature hath heretofore liſted up her Fury againſt the Iſlands, and far extended Coaſts of the Continent, and what Cities or Buildings ſhe encounter'd were violently overthrown; inſomuch as the Face of the World once ſeemed to be changed by the Diſcords of Nature, which have produced unheard-of Prodigies. The Ocean hath ſeveral times exceeded her Bounds, and enter'd far into the Land; and after her Swellings have been aſſuaged, thouſands of dead Bodies were found, ſome with their Faces downward groveling upon the Earth, ſome upwards looking upon the Heavens, as it happened in *Alexandria*.

The noble *Grecians*, at the *Turks* coming before the City of *Conſtantinople* to beſiege it, could not deliver themſelves with more Eloquence and Strength of Argument than *Felix* did upon theſe Occaſions. He went on with the Hiſtory of paſt Ages; ſays he, in one thouſand two hundred and eighteen, the enraged Billows enter'd into *Phrygia*, and there were drowned in the Fields, and in their Houſes, more than a hundred thouſand People. And after this the Ocean re-entring the ſame Province, retired not till it had left eighty thouſand Men, Women and Children drowned behind it.

At theſe Speeches the Virgin wept; and in an Extaſy of Sorrow ſaid, O Infinite Being, how terrible are theſe Inſtances of thy Wrath for *Sodom* to read. O that ſhe would conſider what Scenes the Convulſions of Nature acted in the Year One thouſand five hundred and nine, the Day of the Exaltation of the Croſs in *September*, the Ocean betwixt *Conſtantinople* and *Peru* ſwelled with that Rage and Fury, that it paſſed over the Walls of both Cities, and there were drowned only of *Turks* in *Conſtantinople* above thirteen thouſand.

The Student anſwer'd; ſays he, I will go yet further: The *Atlantick* Iſland, ſeated in that ſpacious Ocean betwixt *Spain* and the *Weſt-Indies*, and which was a greater Part of the World than *Aſia* and *Africa* both together, repleniſhed

with innumerable People, was by the Rain of only one Day and Night, in which the Elements, as it were, melted themſelves into Water, and deſtroyed all the Inhabitants, none ever having ſince appear'd.

At this the Virgin wept, as a Woman who had loſt her Firſt-born, and ſeen all her Inheritance in Flames. What, ſays ſhe, cannot God do? What Judgment does not *Sodom* deſerve? Cannot the Force of the Elements, the Trembling of the Earth, the Raging of the Ocean, the Storms of Hail and Rain, fight againſt Man in this laſt Age of the World? Cannot God extend his Fury even all over *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa* and *America*, for their Infidelity, for the Breach of his divine Laws?

Felix with a *Stoick* Gravity concluded the Conference; ſaid, Nature can never keep within its Limits, when the Deity hath commanded it to fight againſt Cities, Towns and Villages. If he arms againſt any particular People, and gives the Alarm to execute his Vengeance for their Ingratitude for his infinite Benefits, they muſt unavoidably periſh.

Felix the Student and the Virgin having thus deliver'd their Thoughts to the Aſſembly at *Abraham*'s Houſe in *Canaan*, they ſat down, and the whole Body remained in a profound Silence for near an Hour, as being ſtruck with Amazement at what may fall upon *Sodom* for her repeated Tranſgreſſions, if ſhe doth not conſider. The next Day the Aſſembly met again in ſolemn manner in the Chapel, and kept the Day as a Faſt. In the Evening *Abraham*, *Sarah* and *Iſaac* roſe up, and gave in their Opinion of Nature in Convulſions. Says *Abraham*, The Air in which we live and breathe, though it be an Element ſweet and gentle, yet God can draw Force out of Weakneſs. The Wind hath torn up whole Woods by the Roots, and tranſported Trees to diſtant Places. In the Year One thouſand five hundred and ſeven, at Midnight, there aroſe ſuch a Tempeſt in *Germany*, that the ſtrongeſt Buildings ſhaked, Houſes were uncover'd, Trees rooted up and removed from their Station. *Henry* the VIth being Emperor, he himſelf ſaw Beams of Timber blown from the Roof of the chief Church in *Mentz*, as big as the Beams of a Wine-Preſs, and of heavy Wood, as Oak, flying in the Air.

Sarah, *Abraham*'s Wife, being in Showers of Tears, in a low Voice deliver'd herſelf thus: ſays ſhe, My Soul is oppreſs'd, it is overwhelmed within me, only by reading the Antiquities of *Joſephus*, and *Euſeb. Præp. Evang.* in

which

which it is recorded, that the Tower of *Babylon*, which was the moſt ſtrong and prodigious Building of the World, was overthrown with a Tempeſt, and the Flocks and Herds of the *Egyptians* deſtroyed by Lightning. O may not ſuch divine Wrath fall upon *Sodom*, that City which now glories in her Strength and Beauty.

Then *Iſaac* the Son of *Abraham* anſwer'd: I am a Youth, in my tender Years: I have read of a Storm of Hail that fell, and ſlew innumerable *Amorites*. And in the *Campania* of *Bologna* there fell Stones of twenty-eight Pounds Weight. *Olaus Magnus* writes, that in the *North* Hail fell as big as the Head of a Man. And the *Tripartite* Hiſtory ſays, there happen'd ſuch a Tempeſt in *Conſtantinople*, which ſhatter'd the whole City.

Abraham told his Son *Iſaac*, that in *Scythia* People were ſtruck dead only with the Noiſe of Thunder. It was ſo loud and piercing, that thoſe who eſcaped hid themſelves in ſecret Places to avoid the Calamity.

Says *Sarah*, though my Soul is overwhelmed, yet I muſt draw a Scene ſtill more clear. Theſe Alterations, ſays ſhe, are not parallel with what the Battel will be unto the World, when the Heavens ſhall ſhoot its Arrows, and declare its Wrath. St. *Gregory* the Great writes, as an Eye-witneſs, that in a Peſtilence at *Rome*, he ſaw Arrows viſibly fall from the Element, which ſtruck Perſons dead.

In the Time of *Irene* and *Conſtantine*, the Sun was darken'd for ſeventeen Days together. And in the Time of *Veſpaſian*, the Sun and Moon did not appear for the Space of twenty Days. And the Time will come, when the Sun ſhall hide her Beams under a mourning Garment, and the Moon cloath herſelf in Sackcloth and Blood, to ſignify the Wars which all Creatures are to make againſt thoſe who deſpiſed their Creator. The Earth ſhall raiſe itſelf up againſt Man, and ſhake him off, as unwilling to endure his Burthen any longer. The Sea will purſue and aſſault the Inhabitants: Neither ſhall the Air permit them to be ſafe in their Houſes, or in the Fields. Then the Cry will be, Hide us, ye Mountains and Hills, within your Cliffs. But this is rather to be imagin'd than expreſſed. The very Thought is enough to make *Sodom* tremble. Dumb Creatures groan to ſee themſelves abuſed by Cruelty and Barbarity; yet what is this to the Injuries done to the Creator of all Beings?

Says *Iſaac*, if we enquire into the Divine Eſſence, we ſhall find Inſtances of the Deſtruction occaſion'd by the

Convul-

Convulsions of Nature. The Sun will be totally eclipsed, the Moon roll in Blood, the Stars fall upon the Earth, as a Fig-tree that casts off its green Figs when shaken by violent Winds; the Elements will be folded up as a Book, or as a Roll of Parchment; the Mountains and Hills will move from their Places, and be no more.

O my God, says *Sarah*, how are my Spirits sunk at these Lectures! *Sodom*, will not a Day come, when thy Kings and Princes, the Rich and the Strong, Slaves and Freemen, will endeavour to hide in Caves and Rocks, in Dens and Grottos, to skreen them from the Fury of the Elements? Then Islands will be vanished, and the Mountains be levell'd with the Plains.. How will these Tremblings astonish those that are then alive, and did not travel as Pilgrims to *Abraham*'s House in *Canaan?* Will not Rivers come as a mighty Inundation and Deluge.

These Descriptions seemed to overwhelm *Sarah*. In the Extremity of Thought, says she, then nothing can avail but Virtue and Innocency: all besides that will perish. What will it profit the Miser, or the Wealthy, to be in Possession of Vessels of Gold and Silver, curious Embroideries, rich Tapestries, flowry Gardens, shady Groves, lofty Palaces, and all what Mortals now count precious? They will see their costly Moveables consumed, their Ingots of Dross melted, their Grotto's and Bowers burnt with the Heat of the Elements. The World will expire and die, the Memory of Man will perish; Kings will no longer wear Diadems, nor Emperors grasp Scepters; Divines will no longer be cited in Council, nor Tribunals erected to encircle Tyrants with massy Crowns.

Then says *Abraham*, No more shall *Plato* be read among the Learned, nor *Cicero* imitated by the Orators. No more shall *Seneca* be admir'd by the Understanding, nor *Alexander* extoll'd amongst the great Generals of the Age. Victories and Grandeur shall be named no more. Vain Man! Memorials of Splendor will then be extinguish'd, and remember'd no more. What will become of that Statue of massy Gold, which *Gorgias* the *Leontin* placed in *Delphos* to eternize his Name, and that of *Gubion* in *Rome*, and that of *Borosius*, with the golden Tongue in *Athens?* Sixty Statues were erected by the *Athenians* unto *Democritus Phalarias*, for having governed their Commonwealth for ten Years with great Virtue and Prudence. But of so little Continuance were those Trophies, that the very Emblems which were raised by Gratitude, were soon after destroyed

ſtroyed by Envy; and he himſelf, who ſaw his Statues ſet up in ſo great a Number, ſaw them alſo pulled down: but he ſtill retained this Comfort, which Chriſtians may learn from him, that beholding how they threw his Images to the Ground, he could ſay at laſt, they cannot overthrow thoſe Virtues for which they were erected.

Says *Sarah*, If they were true Virtues, *Democritus Phalaris* ſaid well; for thoſe neither Time can demoliſh, nor human Power deſtroy; and which is more, the divine Power will not, in the general Deſtruction of the World, extinguiſh: they ſhall be preſerved in eternal Memory.

Says *Iſaac*, Charity and Chriſtian Acts ſhall not end with the World; but all other Triumphs will expire. The Trophies exhibited by the *Roman* Captains, when they conquer'd mighty and powerful Kings, laſted but a while. There are few now, who know that *Metellus* triumphed over King *Jugurtha*, *Aquileius* over King *Ariſtonicus*, *Attilius* over King *Antiochus*, *Marcus Antonius* over the King of *Armenia*, *Pompey* over King *Mithridates*, *Ariſtobulus* and *Hiarchus Emelius* over King *Perſeus*, and the Emperor *Aurelius* over *Cœnobia* the Queen of the *Palrurens*.

Says *Abraham*, Few know this now, but dumb Books and dead Papers. When they end, what will then become of their Memories? How many Libraries and Hiſtories have Fire conſumed, and are no more known than if they had never been written. No Act can be done or framed to make the Memory of Man immortal.

Sarah anſwered; ſays ſhe, *Ariſtrabocus* wrote near a thouſand Commentaries on ſeveral Subjects, of which not one Line now remains. *Cripſius* wrote two hundred Volumes, and at preſent not one Leaf is extant. *Theophraſtus* compiled near two hundred, and ſcarce three or four remain. *Dionyſius Grammaticus* writ upon three thouſand five hundred Subjects, and not one Page now appears. *Triſmegiſtus* ſtudied three thouſand five hundred Diſcourſes; and all thoſe are as if he had not writ a Letter. The four or five little and imperfect Treatiſes, which paſs under his Name, are none of his Compoſitions.

Says *Iſaac*, Thus the Memorials in Paper expire in Space of Time; and ſo will Tables of Marble and Statues of Braſs. What is now become of thoſe prodigious Amphitheatres which *Stabulus Taurus* raiſed of Stone? Were they not all conſumed in the Time of *Nero*? *Rome*, which may be called the original City in the whole World, what Lamentations were there when it burnt for ſeven Days together?

gether? What Shrieks were heard in *Troy* when it was wholly consumed? What Astonishment was there in *Penopolis*, when those Cities were destroyed, and all the Inhabitants perished? What Weeping was there in *Jerusalem*, when the *Jews* beheld their Temple destroyed.

These Lectures of divine Wrath even pierced the Soul of *Sarah:* she wept as a Child, and said, Now I see nothing can skreen Man from the Deity's Anger. This calls to my mind, says *Isaac*, what happen'd in a late Age, when Lightning from Heaven fell upon *Stockholm*, the capital City of *Sweden*, and burnt to death above one thousand six hundred Persons; besides an innumerable Multitude of Women and Children, who hoped to escape the Fire by Land, fled into Ships at Sea, but overcharging them, they were all drown'd. Who can conceive what those People felt at the instant they saw their Houses and Goods consumed, and no probability of saving them? The Husbands heard the Shrieks and Cries of their dying Wives, the Fathers of their Children, who unawares perceiving themselves so encompass'd with Flames, that they could neither release them, nor free themselves from Death. The Anguish that possessed the Souls of those unfortunate Mortals are not to be expressed, when they, to avoid the Fury of the Fire, were forced to trust themselves to the no less cruel Waves; for by their own over-hasty Crowding and Indiscretion, they saw their Ships overwhelmed; and, compelled to escape the Burning of their City, to struggle with the Water; and that which way soever they turned, they perished; Death still follow'd them, and was certain to strike his destructive Darts, and put a Period to their Misery.

These Scenes were drawn by the Pilgrims at *Abraham*'s House in *Canaan*, to put *Sodom* in mind of what may befal her Island, and put a Period to her Existence.

The

The VIRGIN's Brother's Memorial, directed to *Canaan*, upon his turning Pilgrim.

Dear Sister,

I Received yours with great Joy: The Contents have brought me to Jesus. I have left my Possessions, and am now on my Progress to *Abraham*'s House. Nature in Convulsions drawn up in *Canaan*, is now arriv'd in *Sodom*, and publish'd. The Contents are the Subject in every Conversation. The Serious cry out, *Let us flee from the Wrath to come, and escape divine Indignation.* For my part, I have left the World: *Sodom* is in a Storm. No Peace nor Solitude there. The Island is subject to Plagues, Pestilence and Famine. The Rich and the Strong oppress Widows and Orphans. Virtue and Innocence are censur'd, and Atheism and Vice recommended. Out of *Sodom* are Emblems of Paradise; the Birds sing, the Doves murmur, and the Winds whisper; the Woods, the Fields, and the Flocks, are agreeable Scenes to high-born Minds. Ideas, that transport the Thoughts to God. In Solitude we see the Dew of the Morning, the Showers at Noon, and the Shades of the Evening. Every Year produces a new Spring; Nature recovers her Beauty; she represents Scenes that rejoice the Soul. An Absence from such Sights is a Banishment from what is innocent. Entertainments in a crowded City are empty, perishing Vanities. The Blossoms and Fruits of the Earth appear there in dim Lights; the Sun sets in Clouds of Smoke, and rises encircl'd with Mists; rural Retreats are look'd upon in *Sodom* as barren Deserts, Views representing the dark Side of Nature. Obscenity and brutal Delights are their Thoughts and Dreams. The Pilgrim's Progress to *Canaan* are Emblems of the invisible Regions, Prospects of crystal Rivers and Trees of Life. In *Sodom*, Plays, Operas and Masquerades are the Night Diversions. The Beauties of the Creation appear there as the Sun eclipsed. Divine Contemplations are as Prisons and Chains to them. Was the Spring in its Bloom to be hid from my Eyes, what could I then see but Lewdness acted in crowded Cities; Blasphemy and Prophaneness, Preparatives to endless Pain; Agonies of Despair, Nights secluded from the Sight and Presence of an infinite Essence.

A Memorial: Writ in *Canaan*, directed to *Sodom*.

Upon ATHEISM.

SImilitudes are beautiful Scenes if drawn to the Life. What is worſe than Infidelity infuſed in Man, the very Image of God? Atheiſm ſacrifices every Virtue. Now it reigns in Triumph, and runs like mighty Floods; the Creature denies his Creator; he traverſes the Globe to gain Proſelytes, and acts within the Shadow of Darkneſs. This Serpent poiſons the Mind, and would extinguiſh the very Being of a Deity. He acts in Policy; converſes not with Men of Reaſon and ſound Judgment: his Companions are weak and vicious, neither willing nor capable of confuting his Infidelity. I view an Atheiſt in Time of his Health, as a diſtracted Creature; at the Hour of Death, I ſee him in Agonies of Deſpair. He then weeps and prays, trembles as an Aſpin Leaf, and cries as a Child in the Cradle. His Life I deſcribe as a Criminal; he never repents till he comes to the Tree of Execution. The Serpent that beguiled *Eve* in Paradiſe was no Atheiſt; he believed in his Creator: But our modern Infidels deny their God, till they come to breathe their laſt. They go their Progreſſes through the World; are fatal to Youth, and miſguided Minds; they overturn their Faith, and they alſo periſh in the Doctrine of Atheiſm. Theſe young Agents, thus catechized in Infidelity, are ſeen in *Sodom* at this Day, infuſing their Venom, and ſeeking whom they may betray of their own Species. Thus the very Being of an Infinite Creator, the Original of all, is now called in queſtion; and the preſent Age are for erecting a Tribunal of their own, That there is no God, no Reſurrection, nor future State. As in the Beginning, all Nature ſuffer'd by the Fall of our firſt Parents; ſo in this living Generation, all ſuffer by the Spirit of Infidelity: it runs in Streams throughout the Iſlands of the Earth.

The Atheiſt converſes with his Pupil, as *Adam* did with *Eve* after he had eaten the forbidden Fruit. He told her, that ſhe appear'd more charming and deſirable than ſhe had ever done before, even when their Love was at the higheſt.

Atheiſm

Atheiſm is as an infected Sickneſs or Plague in a populous City; ſweeps off Numbers without Diſtinction.

I have drawn theſe Lines to deſcribe Sin and Death, Virtue and Life. In that Inſtant our Morals are corrupted with Infidelity, we travel in the crooked Path that leads to endleſs Pain, immaterial Infection, and material Deſtruction. Thus Soul and Body periſh in both Worlds in the State of Atheiſm.

The Iſlands mourn, the King ſits in Silence, the Princes of the Blood ſigh and ſhed Tears.

The Female's Throne is vacant: The Wife, the Great, the Good, the Juſt and the Divine is dead; ſhe'll be no more.

Authentick SPEECHES And Divine SAYINGS Of Queen *MARY* and *CAROLINA* in Publick Converſation, in Select Companies, and in their Private Retirements.

Abraham's Memorial to *Sodom* for the Loſs of her two righteous *Lots*, who have changed fading Crowns for bright Diodems in Glory.

THO' I am an Inhabitant in *Canaan*, I have had Opportunities of obſerving the Scenes of theſe Princes Reigns. Their Crowns were encircled with the higheſt Inſtances of Virtue and great Qualities. They thought themſelves not ſuperior to the reſt of their Sex. Theſe noble Minds ſo demeaned themſelves, that whatever Endowments they were poſſeſs'd with, not to value themſelves upon any, but ſuch as every Perſon may arrive at. Theſe righteous *Lots* look'd upon no Perſon any further, than for his publick Spirit, Juſtice and Integrity. Other Endowments they eſteemed only as they contributed to the exerting thoſe Virtues. Such (if they be wiſe) know it is of no Conſideration that they are ſo, but as they employ thoſe high Talents for the publick Service. Crowned Heads, who affect the Applauſes and Addreſſes of a Multitude, or aſſume

assume to themselves a Superiority upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Praise into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Person in Power that is not conscious of it; but the Sense (that it is valuable only according to the Application of it) makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be the Reverse. In this Light it is considered as a Point in which every Monarch bears a Share. N thing but Virtue and great Actions fix the Idea of Dignity, Power and Glory. In these Princesses it was eminent and most conspicuous. Every Man is naturally inclined to indulge his Curiosity in beholding such excellent Examples, from which he forms something in common with himself. Such Endowments, such Perfections give Delight in beholding the Image or the Tomb of such Personages, be they living, or translated to the Regions of Light. I took it from my own Thought, and an Act of Gratitude, to write the Characters of *Mary* and *Carolina*, who were the Ornaments of *Europe*. My Pen cannot describe the just Characters of these illustrious Women. It is impossible to be done; their Merits were too refined to be drawn by any Pencil. The then reigning Monarchs respected their Names.

Have not the *Turkish* and *Persian* Nations recorded in their Annals the Memories of *Mary* and *Carolina?* Do not the *British* Islands at this Day mourn in Silence for the Absence of their pious Examples? Every Act of their Lives was mix'd with a particular Grace, a becoming and beautiful Air. No Queen since the Creation exceeded their Virtues, Charity, Humanity, and Conduct. Their Ideas were glorious; they seemed more divine than natural. This was the innate Disposition of their Minds. They suffered the Presence of much Company to oblige, more than to satisfy any Curiosity they themselves had of being popular. In bad Events their Thoughts were never tumultuous, nor seen to rise above their Sphere. In Spring Tides of Prosperity, the Splendor of Pomp and Magnificence made no Change in their Souls. In Times of War they were never affected in any publick Affairs, further than in considering the propereſt Ends to make their People glorious, and extricate their Kingdoms out of Danger. They had the strongest Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes in their Sex ever known before. It was easy to observe in them the Justice, Affability, and good Sense of the most refined Politicians. In every Instance of Life, their Minds were capable

capable of being entertained with divine Contemplations, and glorious Enterprizes. O imperious Death, not to ſpare one of theſe Lives till I died! *Carolina* came into the World after my Birth. Cruel Tyrant! why didſt thou not let that precious Life reign after I was entomb'd in my Sepulchre? I want Words to tell the World what *William* and *George*, and theſe Iſlands loſt, when *Mary* and *Carolina* render'd up their Crowns and Sceptres to Deſtiny. But they are gone to reign with their Jeſus in more bright Regions. I muſt remember, that in this Vale their Addreſſes were eaſy without Affectation; their Behaviour in Aſſemblies humble and gracious, mix'd with an Aſpect of Virtue and Majeſty; their Looks had ſomething ſublime, that did not ſeem to ariſe from their high Birth, Quality and Character, but the innate Diſpoſition of their Souls. Their natural Genius was ſo quick, that they never gave an Opportunity of asking for deſerved Favours, but granted the Petitions out of their own Generoſity and good Nature. Their Wiſdom, their high Perfections and Endowments baniſh'd all vain Glory and Ambition from before their Eyes. They had nothing in them but what was beautiful and commendable. The higher their Station, the more lowly they condeſcended, even ſo as to be familiar with the meaneſt Vaſſals. Their Merits were numerous, not to be now equalled in this, nor paſt Ages. Here I muſt ſhed a Tear, and ſtay a while, to view the Monuments of theſe two illuſtrious Queens of bleſſed Memory, whom I once ſaw lie embalmed in their royal Palaces, ſurrounded with a noble Train of Maids of the greateſt Honour, whoſe ſolemn Dreſs made them appear more like Saints newly come down from the heavenly Manſions, than Ladies of an earthly Court. The loſty Rooms were overſpread with dark Veils of black Cloth, and the dim Lights that caſt their glimmering Rays from every Sconce made ſo ſad a Shew, as to draw Sighs from the Heart, and Tears from the Eyes of the mournful Beholders; who were extremely aggrieved to ſee their deceaſed Sovereigns laid in Coffins cover'd with rich Palls, in Rooms hung with Velvet, attended by the Yeomen of their own Guards, arrayed more like Bearers of the Dead, than the Servants of Princes. A melancholy Sight to behold the Corpſes of illuſtrious Sovereigns, who but few Days before their Demiſe were ſeen in the Land of the Living in perfect Health, inſtructing their Subjects how to prepare for a bleſſed Duration by the glorious Examples of their unſpotted Reigns.

O my Jesus! O my God! Was it not the Iniquities of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, that cut off the Thread of these valuable Lives even in the Bloom? Might not they, by their austere living, have survived the Period of fourscore? For our Offences it was, that their Races were so soon run, and their noble Personages obliged to lie in stately Silence, void of Motion, Pulse or Breath, as publick Monitors of Mortality to the numerous Crouds that came to lament the Deaths of their deceased Sovereigns. These melancholy Scenes were presented in the Palaces of *Somerset-House* and St. *James's*; from whence these Royal Obsequies were conveyed in the Close of the Evening to the *Abbey*-Church, with all the silent Pomp and profound Veneration that could be shewn to the Ashes of these excellent Images. What added most to the Mournfulness of the Solemnity, was the Streams of Tears that flow'd from the Eyes of the innumerable Multitude of Spectators, who stood like Swarms of Bees in the Streets, in the Galleries and Windows of every House, to bedew their Hearses with plentiful Showers of brinish Water; which being arrived at the Western Door, the Bodies were taken out, and laid under Canopies erected in the Choir, till removed to silent Vaults, where they now lie interr'd, waiting to be call'd in the Morn of the Resurrection, to be encircled with immaterial Scepters and Crowns, more splendid and glorious than those that either *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, or any of the *Roman* Emperors, will ever wear, in the spiritual Regions of Light. Those Monarchs must bow down their Diadems to these female Sovereigns, and give the Pre-eminence to them, as being more virtuous, more just, humble and chaste in Life and Act.

A PANEGYRICK

In Memory of *Mary* and *Carolina*, Queens of *Great Britain.*

I Am diſpoſed to convey the Thoughts of crowned Heads in View of the Grave, in order for them to make Reflections on the End of Life; ſo that they may exchange earthly Scepters for glorious Diadems.

Ye that drink the generous Wine in Remembrance of Chriſt's Blood, humble your Souls. *Mary* and *Carolina* are laid in mournful Silence; they hear not the Noiſe of War, the Claſhing of Spears, nor the Cries of Widows and Orphans.

The Illuſtrious Queens are here recorded, that the Royal Family may view their Tombs, and bedew the ſcattered Aſhes with Sighs and Tears. Ladies and Virgins of the *Britiſh* Court, come and behold the Sepulchres. Here lie the Royal Images pourtrayed in all the Scenes of Horror. See the Remains of the perfect Patterns of Humility: Roul away the Sheets of Lead, and ſurvey all the Parts of their mouldring Bodies. Here are the refulgent Heads upon which three Crowns once bloomed and flouriſhed; now there is nothing left but bare Sculls, and a few long Hairs. See the Tongues that delivered Flowers of Eloquence; they are withered and dried. The Lips, out of which proceeded Sentences little inferior to thoſe deliver'd by King *Solomon*, are mouldering to Duſt. Theſe Potentates, who are now anatomized by Death, were once the Darlings of *Britain*, the Praiſe of *Europe*. Take hold of their Hands, feel how they are fallen away; the Fingers that were ever averſe, and trembled to ſign Sentences of Death even to the vileſt Offenders, are now become ſtiff and crooked: they will never take up Pencil more. Theſe dried Bones once outſhined the Glories of the heathen Gods. Thoſe Deities will appear Idols to them at the Riſing of the Juſt. Theſe Relicks lie as good Grain, and will appear with an everlaſting Increaſe. I cannot lay their Memory in Oblivion; I muſt indulge my Grief, and chide haſty Death, that called theſe dear Lives away at a Time the Nations ſtood moſt in need of their Counſel. Behold the Change; the

the Fleſh that now feels as cold as Ice, and reſembles the new fallen Snow, was once ſoft, freſh, and blooming. The Eyes that were ſo quick, as to penetrate into the inmoſt Receſſes of the Mind, out of thoſe Caſements appear Vermin; their Winding-Sheets are pierced thro' with a thouſand Breaches, which that vaſt Army of Worms made in their gloomy Caverns. O Jeſus, what are earthly Crowns, though beſet with reſplendent Jewels; they glitter only for a while like Stars in a clear Night, and diſappear in the Morning. Conſider this, ye Royal Branches; your ſublime Thoughts muſt fade and periſh; all will die but the unblemiſh'd Virtues of *Mary* and *Carolina*. They ſhower'd Tears as Fountains and Springs, and liv'd as Pilgrims and Strangers. The Scenes you now behold in their Sepulchre will be ſeen in yours. How are their Lineaments alter'd, their Aſpects faded, their fine Complexions gone, their Skins dried and ſhrivell'd. Thus the ghaſtly Darts will anatomize your Perſons; your courteous Air and irreſiſtible Charms will be no more than vaniſhing Shadows. Go then between the Tombs; take a few Turns; imitate the *Egyptian*, who retir'd to the Cliffs of the Rocks to be familiar with Death. Pay Homage at the Tomb of *Carolina*; range in Order all her Royal Progeny. Your Highneſs Prince *Frederick*, aſſume an Air of *Stoick Gravity* in Memory of the Exit of your invaluable Queen Mother. Prince *William*, deplore the Loſs of that Vine from whence you ſprung; the Root is dried and dead. Princeſs Royal, bedew with Drops of Sorrow that Monument where ſhe now lies decypher'd in all the Emblems of Mortality. Serene Virgin Princeſs *Amelia*, let fall a Tear over the original Clay, the Royal Duſt. Princeſs *Carolina*, ſend your Thoughts to thoſe Shades of Oblivion. Princeſs of *Heſſe*, convey your Sighs to King *Henry*'s Chapel, where the concealed Particles are hid in Darkneſs. Princeſs *Louiſa*, offer your Paſſions of Grief to thoſe Remains that now lie as Seed ſpringing up to a ripe Harveſt.

Had ſhe liv'd to ſee the preſent Tumults and Wars, what Victories might not have been obtained by her Prayers and Counſel? But that was not to be: the Righteous is cut off. She was not to offer Sacrifices to allay the Tempeſt, and divert the Storms. *O tell it not in Gath*, neither let it be *publiſhed in the Streets of Aſcalon*, that ſhe and her Predeceſſor Queen *Mary* are gone, who inviolably maintained the

Church as by Law eſtabliſhed. They religiouſly kept up to the ſacred Rights and Privileges, ſpiritual and temporal: Stood in the Gap as Walls of Braſs againſt Perſecution and *Romiſh* Force. What I have recited is but a ſmall Part of what might be ſaid of theſe Excellent Queens; the reſt I muſt leave to be deſcribed by the Pencil of a more ready Writer, but not of a more loyal Subject, who has ſerved his Prince and Country in many Inſtances.

Thus I have drawn the living Examples, and the Images of Death, of *Mary* and *Carolina*. O that I could have ſilenced the Tongue that firſt told the News that thoſe Pious Princeſſes were dead. Could I have had my Will, the Voice ſhould never have been heard; it might have been thought, they had retir'd to ſome Retreats near ſilent Streams and Bowers, Emblems of the Virgin in *Eden*.

In Seventeen Hundred and Five,

I Writ the Acts of King *William* the Third; and upon the Demiſe of Queen *Anne*, I drew up ſixty-five Articles of that Reign; which ſaid Work inſpir'd the Spirits of the People throughout *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and gave Life to all the Proteſtant Churches in *Europe*. This latter Piece was then declared by the Privy-Council, and in both Houſes of Parliament, to be of the higheſt Conſequence to the Nation. King *George* the Firſt ſent the Lord *Stanhope* to my Houſe at *Hampſtead*, to tell me in his Name, he approved of that Work, and had publiſh'd a Proclamation, offering One thouſand Pounds Reward to diſcover the Author that writ the Anſwer to the ſaid ſixty-five Articles.

Now as my Life is preſerv'd to advanced Years, I will trace the Royal Family in their ſeveral Scenes. There now lie before me ſeveral authentick Speeches and divine Sayings of Queen *Mary* and *Carolina*. Their Memory I look upon as precious in the Eye of the World. Their Virtues, Wiſdom and Piety will travel beyond the Limits of the Heathen and Pagan Dominions.

The

The Speeches and Sayings of Queen *MARY.*

In one Manuſcript ſhe gives her Opinion, That Princes neither ſee nor hear the true State of their Subjects.

CRown'd Heads, ſaid her Majeſty, have not Opportunities of exerciſing their Virtues to the wiſeſt Ends. They are as Priſoners confined from the Converſation of the lower Sphere of their Subjects, in Points where there are required the moſt Acts of Charity and Benevolence. Sovereigns know little, but what is related to them by their Miniſters. Their Neglect is too frequently laid to the Charge of Princes, as if they were unjuſt and cruel. Thoſe that ſit at the Helm hear from every Part Complaints and Grievances of Men of honeſt Minds oppreſs'd with Miſery. Such Caſes merit Recommendation to the Prince on the Throne, and ought to be granted according to the Exigencies of the publick Affairs. Says her Majeſty, This is to ſteer right. Men of unbiaſſed Principles and Abilities become publick Bleſſings to their Country. They patronize the Fatherleſs and Widows, receive the Virtuous into Favour, and reject the Guilty.

Such Miniſters of State are the Gifts of Heaven. Men ſhould not be denied by reaſon of their Modeſty. Generous Principles always find out Occaſions of doing Chriſtian Acts.

A Miniſter unfaithful in his Truſt, or paſſionate in his Temper, diſcountenances the Timorous, and ſends them away unrewarded, tho' full of Merit. He gives himſelf not time to be informed of the true Nature of the Caſe, and conceals the Petitions from the Eye and Ear of his Prince. A corrupt Miniſter rejects what he thinks not agreeable to his Intereſt; and prefers Men of mean Capacities to Poſts of High Truſt, to fill his Coffers by Corruption. It has been my Obſervation, ſays the Queen, that Men of Virtue diſcharge Places of Truſt, tho' not of very polite Parts, with greater Honour than Men of contracted Principles, tho' remarkable for Politicks. Men that have

ſpent

ſpent the beſt Part of their Days with an exact Diſcipline, act with a ſtudied and faithful Induſtry; but they that have lived the reverſe, never promote Juſtice or true Honour, either to their Prince, or his faithful Subjects. What Divine, what Philoſopher, do we read of in Hiſtory, that ever penn'd a more curious Piece than this of Queen *Mary* of happy Memory? A Pattern for Miniſters of State to act and be guided by in this and ſucceeding Ages.

A COPY of the Manuſcript found in Queen *Mary*'s Cloſet after her Deceaſe.

Her Opinion on the Weight of a Crown.

WHAT ſhall I ſay? ſays her Majeſty, of Royal Dignity. The Sight of a King ſitting on the Throne raiſes Envy, and a Diadem dazzles the Eyes of the Unexperienc'd. The Scepter ſeems to them to be encircled with Honour, Riches, Pleaſure, and all the Happineſs of Life. They fix their Eyes upon the outward Grandeur, not upon the Mind of the King, more ſad than the deepeſt Mourning. The Crown does not more encompaſs his Head, than Anxieties his Soul. Look not on the Number of his Guards, but the Vexation that attends him in his Councils and Undertakings. He is diſquieted on every Side. The Stratagems of his Enemies abroad, and the Treachery of his Subjects at home, are numerous. His Kingdom lies at Stake, not only as it depends upon the Succeſs of his Fleets and Armies, but even as he holds it at the Will and Pleaſure of his own People. Theſe are the Specimens of thoſe Diſquietudes that attend the preſent Reign, and put the Life of the King in Danger. Is not his Perſon expos'd every Hour, to be deſtroy'd by Poiſon, ſtabb'd in the Street, or aſſaſſinated by Ruffians in the Field? Theſe Troubles and Uneaſineſſes have attended him ever ſince his Acceſſion to the Throne. The leaſt Man in the Iſland may be accounted more happy than their Prince. His Subjects ſcarce ſuffer him to enjoy the frail things of the Earth in Peace and Security, but make it unintelligible.

What

What is the Imperial Power to him more than a Crown of Thorns, or a bloody Croſs? Hath not he ſuffer'd more Troubles, Griefs and Treaſons than any of his Predeceſſors? A Slave may be ſtil'd happier than he. Had it not been to have reſcu'd a bleeding Church and Nation, he had never croſſed the Seas, nor taken upon him the Burden of a Kingdom. It is better not to be born, than to labour in Toil, and War, and Ingratitude. What is there more in a Crown than in a Mitre? It is not ſo valuable: An Imperial Dignity is attended with awaken'd Nights, and wearifome Days.

A COPY of Queen *Mary*'s Manuſcript on Death.

I Conſider the Time of Life, ſays her Majeſty, as a State of Trials and Sin, in reach of Temptations and Snares. Whilſt I live, I am within the Poſſibility of falling away from Virtue, and loſing my Peace; but Death cloſes the Eyes, and determines the State for ever. What is the Reaſon we are ſo averſe to die, and change our Being? It is becauſe we have an endleſs Scene of Time in View, where we muſt be for ever. Here preſent Fear ſo diſcompoſes our Minds, that we can't be called happy till the laſt Concluſion of Life. I compare myſelf, ſays the Queen, to the moving of the Wheels of a Clock; they are in Motion, let them go right or wrong. If my Thoughts are not pure, what Peace can I poſſeſs? There's much to be diſcern'd in us, when we come near to the End of our Journey; we then make Diſcoveries whether our Lives have been virtuous or vicious; if looſe and wandering, there appears in us heavy Proſpects: but in Virtue we cloſe our Days in a quiet Serenity. Tho' this is not a certain Rule, yet it is a general one. Our Thoughts then are employ'd in enquiring how we have ſpent our Time. A good Man's Life and Death are all of a piece; there's nothing forced or affected; it produces no Alteration; and as we die under a fixed and ſettled Hope of Salvation, there's no Occaſion to ſhew any unuſual Degree of Sorrow or Concern at the parting of Soul of Body. Theſe are Queen *Mary*'s Sayings; and ſhe maintain'd them to the laſt

with

with the ſtricteſt Diſcipline. She was chearful and reſign'd, and gave Inſtances of it to the World. Virtue was inherent in her Mind; there was nothing new to be ſeen in her, tho' the Change was great. She prepar'd in time for the Reception of Death; and recommended to thoſe about her their Duty to God, and Loyalty to their Sovereign. Having finiſh'd her Courſe, ſhe reſign'd herſelf to the Embraces of Jeſus, and died with a ſweet and compoſed Countenance. No Clouds of Fear or Deſpair were ſeen in her Aſpect. All was ſerene and quiet, in Health, Sickneſs, Proſperity or Adverſity. Purity adorn'd her whole Reign: No Stain in Life ever blemiſh'd that Character more than what was common in the beſt of Princeſſes, and the Servants of a dying Jeſus.

Sentences writ with Queen *Mary*'s own Hand, which ſhe deliver'd to Dr. *Burnet*, Biſhop of *Salisbury*, in her laſt Sickneſs.

(1.) REpentance on a Death-bed, ſays her Majeſty, is very dangerous. In ſacred Writ, there's but one only found who had true Faith in his End, the Thief upon the Croſs: and that Text is recorded for none to deſpair, nor any to preſume.

(2.) Thoughts on Eternity, ſays the Queen, are my Meditation. That endleſs Scene keeps me cloſe to my Prayers. The more I think of Eternity, the more I am refin'd. I compare it to an inexpreſſible Duration; to the bottomleſs Sea, that none can fathom; to a perpetual Motion, to a Globe or Sphere, a Wheel or Circle, which are not limited by any viſible Bounds, ſo as to know where they begin or end. Theſe Views, ſays the Queen, are pleaſing to me, and entertain my Mind with Delight. To conſider of Eternity in ſecret, gives refin'd Ideas. I am then convey'd even beyond the Limits of Time to the Center of infinite Immenſity.

(3.) Strengthen weak Hands, ſays the Queen; break thy Bread to the Hungry; viſit the Diſtreſſed. Without

these very Sacrifices we can't see God. Good Works to our own Images, and Mercy to Animals, are Emblems of Righteousness. O divine Queen, these will keep thy Name in Memory, and be repeated in every Age of the Christian World, till the Day of Terror comes, the Sun rises and sets no more, the Moon and Planets veil their Faces, and every Star in the Firmament thrown into Eclipse, concealed and hid in Oblivion.

A MEMORIAL

To the Descendants of Q. *Carolina*,

To keep in Memory her Virtues, and solemnize the Day she died.

SHould this Petition not be granted, should this Treatise not be bound in *Turky* Leather, the Title in golden Letters, and deposited in the Libraries of every Branch of the Royal Family to be seen and read; farewell to the Memory of Queen *Carolina:* Her Name and Virtues are already concealed in Oblivion, that should have lived to the Period of Ages, and stood as an Example of Christian Piety.

Should I see all her fair Characters thus cross'd out of the Manuscripts in *Sodom*, nor ever repeated more in Conversation; they shall be recorded in *Canaan*, and entered in the Archives of the Descendants of *Moses*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Evangelists. There *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin, will rehearse the Sentences she deliver'd as she sat in her Palaces, as she walked in her Royal Gardens, and in her Retreats of Solitude.

What I shall recite of this Illustrious Lady, cannot but fill the Minds of Posterity with Sentiments of Honour and Virtue.

I have obtained several select Pieces, deliver'd from her Majesty's own Lips and Hand-writings. They are Ideas out of the common way, scarce to be found in the Studies of the most learned and pious Prelates. The whole Composition is a Collection of Wisdom: Sentences

more primitive than modern. Tho' I have compiled the Diſcourſes in my own way of ſpeaking, yet there is not one Point omitted in any principal Head, as to the Senſe and Meaning of her Majeſty's own Words and Writings.

The Opinion of Queen *Carolina* upon Thought.

THERE is no greater Entertainment to the Mind, ſaid her Majeſty, than your Ideas. That Duty is rewarded in a particular manner. The Practice is not, like other Virtues, difficult and painful. It is attended with ſo much Pleaſure, that was there no Account to be given, a wiſe Man would indulge good Thoughts for the Quietneſs they produce. It is a Debt due even to Enemies, much more to the high and ſupreme Being. Ideas are Gifts that no others can convey to us. If my Mind (ſaid ſhe) is ſerene, I am happy, by what means ſoever the Peace ariſes. Virtuous and chaſte Thoughts are pleaſing Senſations; they employ the Soul to wiſe Ends. It was the Cuſtom of the Heathens, ſaid ſhe, either to direct their Thoughts or their Prayers to their Gods, and to attend directly to the Celebration of thoſe Duties. The *Mahometans* go into their Moſques, and there collect their Thoughts to pay Worſhip to the Almighty. The Chriſtian Ideas of the ſupreme Being, ſays the Queen, ought to be infinitely more great and noble than what can enter into the Minds of *Turks* and *Pagans:* for the Goſpel of Jeſus gives an Opportunity to the ſublimeſt Conceptions. She had read of an *Indian*, that offering up Sacrifices to the Sun and Moon, a *Jew* was preſent at his Devotions, and ſeem'd to have an Idea of the ardent Zeal of this Indian. Upon this Point her Majeſty paraphras'd: Said ſhe, the Heathens give Examples to the Chriſtian World; they have in divers Inſtances tranſmitted to us curious Pieces without divine Talents; they teach us, ſaid ſhe, Leſſons to copy after. When I read Philoſophy, I find Sayings which eſtabliſh me in my Duty and my Faith: Sentences that inſtruct me how to converſe with Mankind, and confute Errors. What could be more comprehenſive than theſe Sayings of her Majeſty? It appear'd that ſhe had a Body of Divinity in her, and was of refin'd Speculations.

A

A COPY of the Manuſcript of the Queen's Opinion on Perſecution:

Which ſhe deliver'd to a Prelate poiſon'd with the Principles of converting Men by Faggots and Impriſonments.

SHE ſaid, No Article of Faith cou'd be found, unleſs it were founded on the Baſis of Chriſt's Church, Charity and Peace. To perſecute Chriſtians for Conſcience Sake was ſo malignant in itſelf, and attended with ſo much inveterate Hatred, that it reſembled more the Spirit of the Prince of Darkneſs than the Doctrine of Jeſus. Such a Spirit, ſays ſhe, ſtains the Mind with Guilt, and imbitters the Thoughts of others with Indignation to the Practice. To force any to believe what is againſt the Dictates of Nature and Reaſon, is as much the Reverſe to the true Senſe of ſacred Writ, as for a Divine of our Church to go up to the ſacred Altar, and there openly deny every Article of that Creed, which he himſelf confirm'd as the real Sentiments of his Soul. Chains, Priſons, and Deaths, ſaid ſhe, could not bring a human Being in Love with that Religion which held ſuch baſe Principles. A Practice that cuts Men off from the Communion of their own eſtabliſh'd Opinion, from their Duty to God, and from all Society. It is a Barbarity that afflicts the Body, diſtreſſes the Mind, ſacrifices the Fortunes of others, throws Families into Pain and Miſery, that often ends in Death. Such Conſequences ariſing from the Principles of any Body of Chriſtians or Sect, cannot but convince Men, that there is either no Religion at all, or elſe that it is vicious, cruel, and damnable. Before a wiſe Man confirms himſelf in any Opinion, he will be convinc'd of the Truth of it, and then make it Part of the Rule of Life; otherwiſe he violates his Morality, he ſacrifices his Zeal, he diveſts himſelf of Charity and of his Faith, and may juſtly be ſtil'd a Serpent to ſting and plague his Fellow-Creatures. He may have Principles to make us hate, but not to make us love. Theſe are her Majeſty's Thoughts on Perſecution. O Divine Queen, they will do thy Memory Honour in all the Proteſtant Churches of Chriſt to the End of the World. Dying

Martyrs will record thy Name at the Stake, and in the Flames. Thy extenſive Charity reſembles the Picture of Jeſus. This and all thy other Virtues are now gone with thee to the ſacred Altar in the Temple and Choir, that is out of the reach of theſe Regions of Rage and Perſecution. Divine Queen! thou haſt left but one behind thee, that I know of, to tread in thy Steps, the Serene, the Juſt, and the Pious Princeſs *Amelia*, now on her Progreſs to *Canaan*, and a Pilgrim in *Sodom*.

Queen *Carolina*'s Thoughts on Controverſies in Points of Religion.

MY Sentiments are, ſaid ſhe, That thoſe who delight in Controverſies, very ſeldom arrive at an eſtabliſh'd Foundation in Faith, but are wavering and unſtable in their Minds. I ſpeak it from my own Experience. In Youth it was too much my Practice, till I came ſedately to conſider the Way I was in: I then found myſelf in an extreme Error. One Day I have been entirely convinc'd, the next met with ſomething that ſhook and diſturbed me; the Doubt that was laid reviv'd again, and appears in new Difficulties; and that generally for this Reaſon, becauſe the Mind that is perpetually toſſed in Controverſies and Diſputes, is apt to forget the Reaſons which once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former Perplexity in a new Shape, or is ſtarted in different Lights. Nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth; and nothing more irrational than to paſs away our Moments without coming to a final Determination, in Points which are of the higheſt Importance. There are indeed many Articles, ſays ſhe, from which we may withdraw our Aſſent; but in Caſes that ſhould regulate our Actions, it is the greateſt Indiſcretion to be wavering, and not to chuſe that Side which appears the moſt agreeable to ſacred Writ. My Faith, ſaith the Queen, is this: That when by reading, or in Controverſies, we find ourſelves convinc'd of any Article in Church Worſhip, we ſhould never after call that into Queſtion. It is true, we may forget the Arguments which occaſion'd our Convictions; but we ought to remember the Strength they had upon our Minds, and retain the Faith which they once produc'd.

produc'd. We do this in common Caſes; nor can we act otherwiſe, conſidering the Limitation of our weak Faculties. It was thus the primitive Fathers of the Church ſtood as Walls of Braſs againſt Terror and Superſtition between the Proteſtants and the Roman-Catholicks. Their Learning and Abilities eſtabliſh'd the true Faith in this Part of the Chriſtian World. Their Piety and Parts produc'd ſuch ſtrong and invincible Arguments, as brought about the happy Reformation. The Articles in which theſe Pillars of our Faith believ'd, and in Poſſeſſion of them determin'd to ſuffer Death. They built upon that Truth, knowing it was demonſtrated by divine Revelation. Theſe Rules, ſays ſhe, are neceſſary for weak Minds to be directed by; and in ſome meaſure for Men of great Abilities. But to theſe laſt, I would offer to lay up in their Memories thoſe Points which appear to their Reaſon of the greateſt Force, and which can't be got over by the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity. There's nothing ſtrengthens my Principles of Faith more, ſays the Queen, than this way of reaſoning. Good Men can't forbear cloſing with ſound Truths, upon an impartial Examination. It is certain, that this way of thinking keeps our Faith alive, and gathers Strength from Practice much more than from Speculations. There is another Point which is very perſuaſive, and that is an habitual Adoration of the ſupreme Being, as well as in conſtant Acts of Worſhip, as in outward Forms. Serious and good Men do not only believe, but feel within their own Breaſts, that there is a divine Power. They have actual Senſations of God; their Experience concurs with Truth; they ſee the Purity of the Deity more and more; their Intercourſes with him in divine Thoughts, and even in this Life, almoſt loſe their Faith in Convictions. There's another Article, ſays the Queen, gives Life to a Chriſtian's Faith; a frequent Retreat from the World, accompanied with divine Ideas. As often as I am retir'd from Aſſemblies, my Thoughts make deeper Impreſſions upon my Mind; but when in publick, and in Noiſe, my Attentions are call'd back from thoſe Meditations that I retain'd with ſo much Strength in Solitude. When I am amus'd with Variety of Objects in publick, the Shew and Figure of the World ſtrikes in with my Thoughts, and creates an Ambition after Vanity. If I am in ſecret, I am diſpos'd to be ſerious; in Multitudes and Crouds, I am entertain'd with empty Pageantry. In the ſilent Night I have Opportunities of converſing with God. In that Receſs, Faith

and

and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind. Thus ſecluded from Converſation, I enjoy a ſerene Peace. I ſee the divine Power and Wiſdom. The ſupreme Being hath made the beſt Arguments for his own Exiſtence. The Works of the Heavens and the Earth are Arguments, which a ſound Mind cannot forbear attending to. In our ſilent Hours, there is neither Speech nor Language to divert us; we only hear our own Voice and Meditations: then our Souls are furniſh'd with noble Ideas. Theſe are her Majeſty's Sentiments compos'd in her Studies. What Precepts can be attended with more Strength of reaſoning than theſe Arguments? The World may be ſurpriz'd, that neither the Fathers of the Church, nor any Miniſter of State, ſhould not have commanded, by their Authority and Expence, theſe Pieces to be publiſh'd. I am aſham'd to ſpeak it; it was with no little Difficulty that I obtain'd theſe her Majeſty's Sayings. No ſooner had I perus'd them in Retirement, that had my Prince commanded me to have kept ſilent, I ſhou'd have choſe rather to have diſobey'd his Royal Command, than to have conceal'd from the Eye of the World, the Virtues, the Learning, the Eloquence, the Politeneſs and Wiſdom of Queen *Carolina*. Her Works are Patterns for Emperors and Kings to imitate: They are perfect Glaſſes for the Princes and Ladies of the *Britiſh* Court to dreſs and adorn themſelves by in every Scene of Life.

WHAT Subject muſt I treat of now? Shall I not record *Sophia*, ſhe that is born to ſit on the Female Throne in the *Britiſh* Iſland? This Princeſs is Great, Wiſe, Good and Juſt; the very Image of *Mary* and *Carolina*; pure in Thought, and beautiful in Perſon: Every Perfection that ſhin'd in thoſe Monarchs are to be ſeen in this Royal Woman. Who more worthy of a Sceptre than ſhe? The *Engliſh* muſt be naturally ſtruck with her diſtinguiſhing Parts, and reflect with much Satisfaction the Bleſſing they will enjoy during her Reign. She gives Specimens of her Conduct in every Act of Life. Nothing can add new Merit to her: She is celebrated in every Inſtance; diveſted of Pride and Vanity. Take her adorn'd in all the Splendor of the *Britiſh* Court, there appears no Oſtentation; ſhe dreſſes to pleaſure her Conſort, more than to ſatisfy any Vain glory in herſelf. To the King ſhe performs the Obedience

bedience of a Daughter-in-law, to her Consort the Duty of a Wife, to the Princes the Indulgence of a Parent, and to her Attendants, a Mother rather than a Mistress. If there is any Ambition, it is to excel her own Sex in Meekness and good Works: They are the principal Ends to Religion. She is a shining Ornament on solemn Days; she attends at the sacred Altar to break Bread and drink Wine with her crucify'd Jesus. View this Princess in publick Assemblies, or in Retirement. She is an establish'd Christian, fix'd and grounded in the Catholick Faith: Her Charity is universal, not contracted. She censures none because they don't receive the Sacraments on their Knees with her ardent Zeal. It is the Intenseness of the Heart she looks at. Outward Ceremonies without inward Devotion set us short of the Kingdom of Christ. In this she owns herself a Member of the one only true Church. This Doctrine was instill'd in her from her very Infancy. Her Ancestors liv'd and dy'd in Unity with every Society. One of that Royal Family declar'd, he believ'd that neither *Jew*, *Turk*, *Heathen* nor *Pagan*, will perish everlastingly, who offer up Sacrifices in their Temples with a pure Mind. Says this Prince, Those that never heard of Christ will not be judged by his Gospel, but by their own Laws and Customs, or from the Volume of Nature. O glorified Saint, what shall I say of thy god-like Principles? The very Expressions raise a Love in my Soul to thy Memory; they throw me into deep Contemplation, and make me reflect on the different Period of good and bad Princes. As to this one particular Article of Unity and Christian Charity to all Societies and Opinions whatsoever, their Lives are incircled with Honour, and their End with Peace. Such never oppress the Stranger, the Fatherless, nor the Widows; they shed not innocent Blood, nor walk after evil Counsels. I let my Mind go so far, in Opposition to all Persecution, and the divine Sayings of the deceas'd Prince in his departing Moments, that they may live till Time shall be no more, Will not all confin'd in Galleys on Account of Conscience, rise up and call this Prince blessed? Will not the persecuted Protestants in *France* and *Germany* pay Remembrance to his dying Slumberance? The Reflection upon this Prince's Death had been a melancholy Entertainment, were the Thoughts not reviv'd with the Prospect that *Sophia* will, in all Virtues, tread in the very same Steps, and instruct Prince *George*, Prince *Edward*, and the Princesses *Augusta* and *Elizabeth*, to imitate and paint after their Royal Ancestors.

ceſtors. Then they will appear to the Eye of *Europe* as bright Stars, and be call'd Glorious from their very Infancy. Then there will be no Retreats in theſe Iſlands to the Cliffs of Rocks, nor dark Caves, for the Perſecuted to be conceal'd and hid in from the Force of Violence and Fury.

The Virgin in *Eden*'s Memorial to Prince *George*, Prince *Edward*, and the Princeſs *Auguſta*.

THO' this Piece is drawn up by a Pilgrim at *Abraham*'s Houſe in *Canaan*, one in the Bloom of Youth; yet it may live till the Frame of Nature comes to be diſſolv'd, and fall into its primitive Nothing, as being addreſs'd to Infant Princes for them to read and practiſe. Shou'd this be receiv'd and countenanc'd, what can add more Glory to their Names? Will not one Generation tell another, will not Hiſtory record it, that *George*, *Edward*, and *Auguſta*, gave Examples of Chriſtian Virtue even from their very Cradles, in their Childhood? What more beautiful than to ſee young Branches of the Royal Family begin to inure themſelves to Piety? The Reward will be Wiſdom in their Counſels, in their Armies Victory, Trade will flouriſh, Virtue rever'd, and Vice baniſh'd from the Court. Then no domeſtick Enemies but Atheiſts and Blaſphemers. We that are the Inhabitants of *Canaan* put up our Petitions, that theſe tranſcendent Bleſſings may bloom and flouriſh. Books and Retirement are our Entertainment: they beautify the Soul. What ſtains the Character of Princes more, than to aſſemble in Company of corrupt Morals? Heirs to Crowns and Sceptres ſhould be endow'd with diſtinguiſhing Parts. Great Minds convey their Ideas beyond inſignificant and trifling Amuſements, and aſpire only to what is truly commendable. Act not below your Dignity; that will ſtain and ſully your Characters. But I am gone beyond what I deſign'd, and had almoſt forgot, what I chiefly propos'd, to tell this Royal Train how happy we in *Canaan* ſpend our Days with Converts on their Journey to the heavenly *Jeruſalem* at *Abraham*'s Houſe. There are no Diſputes about Pre-eminences,

nences, nor a Queſtion ask'd, Who is the greateſt? In our Situation all is familiar and inoffenſive. Nothing gives our Converſation Diſturbance. We take Proſpects around the Globe, and view the heavenly Bodies; there obſerve the Seaſons and Returns of the Year, Spring and Autumn, the Riſing and Setting of the Sun. In the Morn, e'er Day be light, we ſend up our Thoughts to the holy Oracle; at Noon, in the Heat of the Day, we retire to cool Bowers and Banks of Roſes; there caſt our Eyes to the yonder Regions, where *Mary*, and *Carolina*, and the Anceſtors of the Princeſs *Sophia* now live in Glory, above this Bank of Duſt. Tho' theſe Princes bore the Weight of Government, they perform'd every Chriſtian Duty, and frequently retired to Solitude, to acquaint themſelves with their crucified Jeſus. In theſe high Orders we live in *Canaan*, and tell each other what the Infant Martyrs enjoy, that were maſſacred by *Herod* the Tyrant before they arriv'd at the Period of two Years. This Perſecution was deſign'd to murder the Babe Jeſus, the Son of the Virgin *Mary*. Sacrifice none, tho' they fall down in the Street and worſhip the Hoſt. May not their Souls be as precious in the Eye of an All-ſeeing Eſſence, as we that pay no Adoration to departed Saints? This Faith is Chriſtian Charity; theſe Principles will bring Peace in dying Moments. This is the Religion we Pilgrims profeſs and practiſe in *Canaan*. Learn this Leſſon: Live and die by theſe Rules. Go into your Parks and Gardens, as we do in our Fields and Groves; and there you'll find, that what with the Fanning of the Winds, the Ruſtling of the Leaves, and the Serenity of the Air, will inure you by degrees to the Love of Solitude, and with Thoughts of an endleſs Eternity. We are naturally refreſh'd by the Melody of the Birds in *Canaan*'s Wilderneſſes. Theſe Songs are to us as divine Anthems, ſweet and ſerene; the very Emblems of the unſeen World of Joys. At Night we walk in green Alleys, and behold the wandring Moon increaſe and change, and riding in her Orb. Then we look further, and view the Stars ranged in regular Order, more beautiful than an Army drawn up to ſolemnize a ſignal Victory. Thus we fly in Thought, like the Wings of Eagles, from one beautiful Object to another. Should Prince *Edward*, Prince *George*, and Princeſs *Auguſta*, now in their Infancy, be inſtructed to read this State of Innocency, and be ſeen publickly to deliver printed Copies to the young Nobility of both Sexes that attend their ſeveral

Courts; I am ſure ſhould this be done, if there is an original Being that fram'd the Univerſe, and created all Creatures out of nothing, the ſucceeding Kings will be attended with ſome diſtinguiſhing Bleſſings of Divine Providence. Crown'd Heads will revere the Act. Virtue in Princes diſplays ſuch glorious Lights, that even the vileſt of Tyrants will pay their Memory a kind of ſacred Honour. Piety ever was, and ever will be eſteem'd, let it be dreſs'd in Scarlet, or in Rags.

An Emblem of *Sodom* and *Canaan*, preſented by *Iſaac* the Deſcendant of *Abraham*.

THO' but a Youth, I am a Pilgrim and Stranger, as all my Foreſathers were. By Virtue I am enlighten'd to inſtruct the Aged, and tell them, that in primitive Times Allegories were eſteem'd as religious Entertainment. When I conſider populous Cities as they are qualify'd, I find them very defective in Compariſon of retir'd Seats, inhabited by ſelect Societies, pure in Mind, and agreeable in Converſation. For tho' the firſt may appear more auguſt and magnificent by their ſpacious Buildings, there is ſomething in the latter that reſembles Paradiſe in its original State before the Fall of Man. Wide Streets, fine Paintings, rich Furniture, and gilded Chariots, come far ſhort in Compariſon of a College, ſituated with the Proſpect of Fields and Vineyards. There the Eye may wander without Confinement, and behold infinite Variety of Objects, without ſtaining the Thoughts with Vanity. The Prophets and Patriarchs from the firſt Ages retreated to Solitude: the holy Jeſus retir'd to ſecret Receſſes to converſe with his Apoſtles and Evangeliſts. There is more Delight in viewing the rough Draughts of Nature, than in the Images we behold in populous Towns. In Fields and Foreſts our Ideas are refined by viewing the Works of God: they are worth ſurveying. What Repreſentations can be more ſublime, than the original Copies: they ſhew the infinite Power there was in their Creation. And yet how many Curioſities are concealed from the Eye, hid in the deep Ocean, in Rocks, in Mines, and in Pillars of Marble? Theſe Manuſcripts

nuſcripts are beautiful Leſſons for the preſent Generation to read. What we ſee in large Metaphoricals, are they not the Works of Man? Art can draw the Appearance of navigable Rivers, Parks, Foreſts, Fountains, and Springs; the Waves of the Sea, the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, the Fluctuations of the Water, Ships riding in Harbour, Yatchs ſailing croſs the Channels, and Barges floating in ſtill'd Streams. I have ſeen in *Sodom* Landskips repreſenting Trees waving to and fro with the Winds, and young Swans landed on the Shoar by their Parent walking among the Flags. I have ſeen Pictures of Eagles flying in the Air, and Herds of Deer ranging through Chace and Foreſts. I have ſeen in Needle-Work, Hawks in Purſuit of their Prey, and the Fox in the Chace. But what are all theſe Pieces more than Shadows or Ties to humour ſilly Mortals? Go to the Virgin at *Abraham*'s Houſe; there are Pleaſures far above any thing carved out on Tables of Braſs, Pillars of Stone, or Plates of Steel.

What are the little Plots and Gardens we have in Cities, but only to amuſe ſuch as admire a Town-Life? How narrow are theſe to the Extent and Elegance we meet with in large Plantations, Groves and Wilderneſſes in *Sodom*? There are Clouds of Smoke Morning and Evening, Miſts and Fogs. I had rather ſee a Marſh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain cover'd with Moſs, than to behold Roſes and Pinks that are ſtain'd and ſoil'd by the nauſeous Fumes ariſing from the Shoars and Sinks in narrow Streets and Lanes.

A little Cottage in the Country is to my Mind a more pleaſing View, than Globes and Pyramids growing in rank Soils. Give me the Sight of Trees; the Boughs bent with the Weight of their Fruit, is infinitely more beautiful than all the fine Strokes of Art. It is not the Gaiety and Variety of Colours, nor the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts in the Arrangement and Diſpoſition of Objects, or in a juſt Mixture or Concurrence of all together, amongſt theſe ſeveral Kinds. A wiſe Man takes more Delight in living in a private Retreat, out of Noiſe and Show: then he converſes with high-born Beings; he views the Tracks of Heaven; he ſees the Sun come forth of his Chamber, adorn'd in all his Brightneſs. At Night he views the Element incircled with bright Stars, the Moon riſing, and the Planets walking in their Order. Theſe Scenes diſcover to him the different Situation, and conveys his Ideas to thoſe Regions that are beyond the Sphere of this Globe of Clay.

Sodom is a dull Situation; the Inhabitants hear not the Larks ſing their early Mattins, nor behold the Fall of the Rivers, or the Water ſpring out of Rocks: But in *Canaan* we are awaken'd e'er Day be light; the Chapel Bell calls us up to Prayers; there we unite our Voices with the Tabret, the Harp, and the Dulcimer, and ſing the Tune of *Sion*. O bleſſed Harmony! O ſweet Retreat! This is the State of Virtue. *Abraham*'s Houſe is an Inn for Pilgrims, on their Progreſs to the Ark of God; the Haven prepar'd for pure and undefil'd Virgins, that never acted the Part of *Pamela*, to parley Night and Day with a lewd Rake to raiſe Emulation. True Virtue retreats at the firſt Temptation, and chuſes rather to ſtarve in a Cave, than to converſe with a Man that offers once to tempt her Chaſtity.

May this Emblem of *Sodom* and *Canaan* dwell on the Mind of each Sex. This will bring Peace in Proſperity, in Adverſity, and in the laſt Moments of Life.

Univerſal Charity imitates the Saviour of the World.

IF Sacred Writ be Truth, no Man can be a Chriſtian in Life and Doctrine, that judges or cenſures any Speech or Language in Points of Religion, or Principles of Faith. Neither can we be perfect, unleſs we are inveſted with a Spirit of Mercy and Pity to all living Creatures in Diſtreſs and Pain.

Doſt thou believe the Reſurrection of thy Body? Think of Death; ſhew Humanity to thy own Image, and even to Animals and Inſects; act no Cruelty to the leaſt Creature on the Face of the whole Earth; take notice of Objects that bend under heavy Burdens, or worn out by Age or Labour. Hear the Cries of Priſoners, the Groans of the Sick, and the Sighs of Widows and Orphans. Ask not what Church or Society they belong to, but if it be in thy Power relieve them. Call not back thy Charity from the unbelieving *Jews*, nor *Turks*, Heathens or Pagans. If you behold an Atheiſt or Blaſphemer periſhing with Hunger, Cold, or Nakedneſs, let him not die; thy Charity may be his Converſion.

Such Sacrifices Jeſus will take as offer'd upon his own ſacred Altar: he will repay both Principal and Intereſt tenfold in both Worlds; they ſhall have Peace here, and Glory in endleſs Ages.

Now the Author moſt humbly petitions the Publick in Chriſt's Name, to make one Act of Charity univerſal in this Iſland. That as often as any Houſekeeper, or other Perſon, boils any Butcher's

Butcher's Meat, and makes no Uſe of the Liquor in their own Families, that they would be ſo good to engage their Servants not to waſte or fling the ſame away as uſual, but give it to poor Families. Every Quart of ſuch Liquor is worth to them one Half-penny, for to boil up with Oatmeal, Flower, Rice, Wheat, or the Raſpings of Bread. This is no Expence to the Donors. But how much greater will the Charity be, for Perſons in plentiful Circumſtances, to order their Servants to boil up the ſaid Liquor with Peaſe, and give it at their Door to the Poor, or ſend it to indigent Families in their Neighbourhood, when it is hot and fit to eat. This will be Meat, Drink and Cloth to hungry Souls. The Charge of Peaſe is a Trifle, not worth the naming, in Houſes where there is Plenty. One Three-pence expended this way, is of greater Service than Two Shillings and Six-pence in Money.

Shou'd this Humanity become general, Ten thouſand poor Inhabitants may be fed every Day within the weekly Bills of Mortality only: Many of which are now oblig'd to ſubſiſt, for Weeks and Months together, with nothing but dry Bread and fair Water. Thoſe that act this Charity ſhall find Mercy in their laſt and dying Slumberance.

In *Maitland's* Hiſtory of *London*, in treating of the Author's inventing the *Sun Fire-Office*, the Printer by Miſtake has inſerted *John Povey* inſtead of *Charles*.

From N°. 3. in Little Ailie-ſtreet, Goodman's-fields, Sabbath-day in the Morning, Nov. 1. 1741.

CHARLES POVEY, *Gent.*

FINIS.

A CATALOGUE of what Points the Author hath wrote upon and publiſh'd, not yet recited in his Treatiſes.

AN Enquiry into the Nature, Situation, Motion, *&c.* of the heavenly Bodies. Arguments to prove that the immenſe Bodies in the Firmament were not made for the Uſe of Man only.

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A

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